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STUDIES IN SOCIALISM

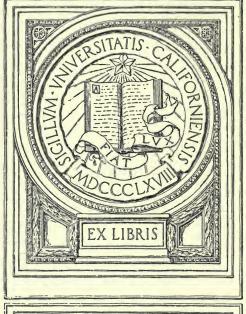


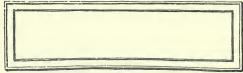


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Franklin H. Wentworth

GIFT OF Estate of Thomas J. Mooney





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Studies in Socialism

By

Franklin H. Wentworth

Author of "Wendell Phillips," "The Pride of Intellect," etc.

New York
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CONTENTS

The price of cleanliness	Page	e I
Consider the lilies	66	15
As the wheels turn	. "	22
The dragon's teeth	66	26
Tom's a' cold	. 66	34
Does it seem fair to you?		45
Jimmie, the weaver		53
The creeping dark		65
How far the little candle		71
Renunciation		75
Manhood's crucible		85
The hero		
The philanthropist		
The flowers of a grant of land		101
Imagination		
The long procession		117
The love that is to come		131
Good and evil		35
The higher struggle		-
She who is to come		-
When the earth trembles		
		- 100

TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN THE POTENCY OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT

THE PRICE OF CLEANLINESS

It is beautiful to be clean.

Isn't it?

Isn't it, you sweet young girl?

Clean bodies in clean linen are almost a fleshly deity, aren't they?

After being down in the city's grime and

soot, isn't a clean waist a luxury?

To come out of your bath and clothe yourself in clean linen; that makes even one's enemies seem far away and unimportant, doesn't it?

But if the clean waists are not home from the laundry, and you have to slip your clean body into the soiled one again, how it changes things; your enemies seem near and exasperating then,—don't they, sweet young girl?

But now comes the laundry-wagon, brightly painted and clean; the sprightly driver bounds up the steps and rings the bell, and in a moment Mary hangs the bundle on your chamber door, gives a light tap, and goes away.

You take in the bundle, and your enemies sink away again into obscurity. You forget

about 'em.

You open the bundle with a yank at the string.

There are the clean waists,—and the clean other things.

What have they cost; what is the price of all this cleanliness, sweet young girl?

Eighty-seven cents the laundry-list says. That's all it costs you.

Cheap enough; isn't it?

Thats all it costs you.

But that isn't all it costs.

Oh dear, no, sweet young girl; it costs much more than that.

Go home with the bright wagon after it completes its rounds; turn into the alley with it, and stop where it stops.

There is a square building of rough brick, fronting the alley.

It has two little windows, close to the ground.

One of them is closed; you cannot see through it.

The other is open, so we may see what's going on inside.

Let us stop and peep.

Ugh! what a foul, wet odor! It's worse than the alley smells.

The price of cleanliness

The clothes are being washed. Out of them are being steamed the muck and soot and grime that are absorbed from the outside, and the humors of the body that are absorbed from the inside.

It is nasty breathing, this effluvium. You notice it from the outside. When it is breathed all the time, though, one gets accustomed to it.

There are girls down there in the steam; you can see them moving about. How they are hustling! One would think a demon was driving them.

They have been hard at it since seven o'clock.

In Winter they quit at six; in the Summer they work till ten or eleven, sometimes till midnight, without extra pay. Shirtwaists come in the summer.

And on their feet, too. They only sit down during their half hour at noon.

Think of that, sweet young girl.

Ten hours on their feet;—in the summer, fifteen;—working their arms and backs in that foul atmosphere.

If you did that for one day, you'd want to rest for a week, wouldn't you?

But these girls must be there promptly at seven the next morning; and every morning.

Suppose there should be a day or so in a month when they are not well; days on which you may lie in bed, or take your ease about the house? Do you suppose personal indisposition is considered in their case?

No.

Back-breaking labor during the ten or fifteen hours, just the same, for them.

You never thought of that, did you, dear? You don't think much of anything; do you? Your mother did not think much of anything before you,—unless she were a workingwoman;—and if you have daughters they won't think much of anything.

And yet the suffering of these girls is the

price paid for your cleanliness.

Not the price you pay. The price they pay. Look at them through the window.

Wan, tired, desolate, God-forsaken looking slatterns.

Why should they care about their appearance if no one else cares? Drudge, drudge, drudge from daylight till dark, and on into the night.

For what?

The price of cleanliness

From \$1.50 to \$9 per week.

Two or three out of the eighteen or twenty girls get seven, eight, and nine dollars.

All the rest get less than six.

There is one with a gap in her mouth where two teeth ought to be. That's horrible;—a toothless young woman. She ought to go to the dentist.

But where is she to get time to go the dentist; and where will she get the money

to pay him?

You never thought of that, did you, dear? Mother has always looked so carefully after your teeth. You had no responsibility about it, except the bore of going to the dentist.

There is another; pale, morose, shuffling

about.

"She's been here a year," the driver whispers.

"She is only seventeen. You'd think she's

thirty, wouldn't you?"

The driver says she came last spring; buxom, sprightly, gay;—off a farm somewhere.

The end of the summer finished her.

She was used to the sunshine.

"It's so blamed hot down there in the summer. They don't get no air. That lays

the best of 'em out," says the driver. "I'm all right on the wagon, but I couldn't stand that. It 'ud kill me; but women seem to stand it, somehow."

Yes, they seem to stand it, somehow.

They stand it about three years.

Then what becomes of them?

What are you going to be, sweet young girl?

A wife, you hope,—perhaps a mother? You need not blush. That's your training. It's no shame to be a mother. You used to love to play with dolls. That's the mother instinct.

What are these girls going to be? These physical wrecks? These broken and wheezing hacks?

Does any man want such a girl for a wife?

No one wants her for a wife.

Does any one want her for a mother?

No one would say she was fit for mother-hood.

They would not have her even in a house of prostitution.

I am sorry to say this, dear. I know it shocks you. I only say it because it's true.

I want you to realize what it costs to keep you clean.

The price of cleanliness

To make prostitutes of women is an unspeakable crime; but to make of women creatures not even fit to be prostitutes, what is that?

What do you say? The laundryman?

Oh, no. It isn't his fault. He lives upon less than you do. He works harder and does not consume so much as your father does.

He has to compete with other laundrymen.

Do you see? That's where we touch something vital. That's where the system has to be considered.

Not the laundry system. The social system. The main stay of the laundry business is the apprentice. The apprentice is taken on at \$1.50 per week. A girl is an apprentice until she insists on more pay. She may have worked a year. If she is still vigorous and able she may get another dollar a week. If not, she can go and apply to some other laundry for a job. It depends on the "labor market." If there is a lot of homeless, sixteen-year-old girls, they keep the wage down to \$1.50 a week by bidding against one another for the chance to work.

The laundryman must have prompt and reliable service.

If after working from seven in the morning until midnight in the summer heat a girl should over-sleep and come late the next morning, she can go.

Sickly women are a nuisance in any business.

But when they go, -where do they go?

It is because we ask the question—only—and do not seek an answer to it that we can sleep at night.

Let us go round and peep into the ironing room. Both windows are open here. Hot, isn't it?

See those girls who are operating the ironing machines. To work those foot-levers they have to stand for ten hours practically on one foot.

The weight of the body all day long is on that one leg.

It would kill anyone but a stork;—or a woman; a woman who has to do it or starve.

See the hot, tired look of that one. The sweat is running down her face and neck. Her rag of a waist is open at the throat; her bosom is half uncovered. It's so hot she

The price of cleanliness

does not care. The less clothing the better. She would stifle in your collar.

She does not mean to be indelicate. She has not thought about it. Working-women don't.

She is thinking only of getting your waist ironed.

Don't you know, dear, how your little slipper taps your chamber floor in impatience if the laundry is late. That *miserable* laundry.

Now you see the girls are doing the best they can.

They are giving their lives to keep you clean.

They haven't any other thing to give.

No relaxation; no pleasure; their Sundays spent in limp collapse, dreading the morrow's coming.

But you have your clean linen.

And you have your clean conscience: so long as you do not know the infamy of which you are a part.

When you know this, sweet young girl, you will look out upon life with different eyes.

When you know this, you will see the blood of these girls who are unfit to be

wives; who are unfit to be mothers; who are unfit even to be,—you know what I said;
—you will see their blood on everything that comes from a laundry.

When you go into your bathroom, you will see their bathroom.

Did you ever see a bathroom in a cheap boarding-house? (Think of the boardinghouse you must live at when you are getting \$1.50 to \$6 a week and buy your own clothes!)

The bathroom in a cheap boarding-house would make you shudder, dear.

You would be afraid of leprosy;—to go into it.

No one ever cleans it. The plaster is broken in the walls. The tub is discolored tin.

And there is no hot water.

Only a cold-water faucet.

A worn, bloodless girl cannot get into icewater.

You see it does cost something to be clean, after all.

Your nice, tiled bathroom, with its immaculate porcelain tub; soft rug to step out upon; and all the hot water, and soap, and

The price of cleanliness

towels, do not come with the mere desire for them.

You never think of that when you see an unclean person, do you, dear?

You never think of the price of cleanliness.

Because it is easy for you to be clean you have been assuming that it is just as easy for everyone to be clean.

You have heard your mother say: "Well, I sympathize with the poor as much as anybody, but there is no excuse for a man or woman not being clean." You see mothers can be ignorant even when they are good to us and tender.

Linen costs money, too.

If the laundry girl has any to change after buying food she feels lucky.

There are lots who don't.

Your mother does not tell you these things, even when she knows them.

She says you have only one girlhood; and that you will collide with the grave things of life soon enough.

She thinks that ignorance is innocence.

But we have been to the laundry today,—you and I.

We know better now, don't we?

We know that ignorance which dulls us into content, and makes the world seem beautiful, while all the time we are blindly stamping out the lives of other human beings, cannot be innocence: it can only be infamy.

When we looked into that laundry window today, we realized that the price we are paying for cleanliness of body is stultification of soul.

To keep clean at the cost of others' toil is to bathe the soul in slime.

Some day, dear, you will look into your mother's eyes, and she will quail before you; for she will see that in her foolish hope to save you pain she has helped to stain your soul.

She will see that a pure girlhood is not possible for you until it is possible for every mother's child. Ignorance does not save.

Did I not see the tears in your eyes as we turned from the window of that damp basement?

Your sweet face paled. It was like a lily. It was as if the lily should realize for an instant that the sources of its beautiful life are deep down in the sub-aqueous soil of the

The price of cleanliness

pond; down in the ooze and slime:—and feel sorry.

You were the lily blossom.

Those girls were the ooze and slime.

It is not with human life as it is with the lily.

Human life might all be blossom.

But first we must want it to be all blossom. Desire precedes functioning the scientists tell us.

I want to see the light of high desire in your eyes, dear. It makes a woman so beautiful.

Did you ever see the pictured eyes of Joan of Arc?

That is the light I mean.

It makes an angel of a woman.

Little, graceful pettinesses; little conventional accomplishments; plaything prettiness: all seem very insignificant in the light of that high glance.

And cleanliness of body, alone, does not

bring that, dear.

Cleanliness of soul brings that. The price of that cleanliness is truth.

Yes: I see you understand.

You see that life is one.

You must help to free those girls in the laundry.

You must strive to get off their weary backs; and to teach and compel other people to get off their backs, and the backs of all who toil.

We must find how to do our share now, must we not?

You cannot find comfort in the old way, now.

You are sad; but yet you are happy.

That is the power of truth—it expands the soul.

And that light is coming in your face; you are rising to consciousness—race-consciousness,—life-consciousness; the birth of purpose.

Your mother would smile if I were to tell her that I love you more than she does; would she not?

Yet I believe I do.

She would say that if I loved you, I would take you to pleasant places.

And I took you to a laundry.

But your mother does not understand, dear. She is the mother of your body.

I am the mother of your soul.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

A walk in the spring woods revives the wearied spirit. Nature blossoms in infinite variety. The sun, the great Compeller, as he warms the earth, brings from her ample bosom a varied brood.

The majestic march of the seasons showers new forms, new births, new radiance before the wondering eyes of him who has eyes to see, and warms the awakened soul into vague, haunting dreams of life's great possibilities.

If humanity, too, could but blossom into as varied individuality; how the world would fill with interest.

There is but scanty inspiration in a hundred thousand men in derby hats.

Every plant in nature finds a dress which expresses its individuality, and it does not change it at a Paris cablegram. It has its this year's gown made like its last year's gown, and one learns to look for it and to love it, because it fits it so.

Where Individuality is o'ercrowed by Style the field is left to dull Monotony.

Who decrees that we shall all follow a bell-wether in our dressing?

Fashion.

And who is the parent of this arbitrary leveler?

Commercialism! The styles must change to keep trade going. By producing things for profit and not for use we pay the price in mediocrity. The tall man must dress like the short man and the thin woman like the fat woman.

Under the spur of the thing called Style the obligation is, not to be like ourselves, but like somebody else, and this is the deathknell of the individual.

It is as if the violet, and the primrose, and the honeysuckle should follow the fashion in cabbages,—intensely flattering to the cabbage, but the diversity which makes the world interesting would go glimmering.

If the outside world were but a cabbagepatch we'd stay in town for our vacations.

Change, variety, is not the spice of life, it is life itself.

Where you find a man or woman who wears clothes for comfort, you are likely to discover at the same time an individual.

Those who aspire to dress alike will aspire to think alike, and conventionality in thought is always the mark of arrested development.

Consider the lilies

A wise look often hides an empty brain and those who love accuracy of expression will not fall into the error of calling every human being who wears pants a man.

A college education can never make a dull man think, and a tailor can only cover up physical deformity in some by concealing the beautiful outlines of others.

In rhinoceros-skin trousers bow-legged men shine; but the emancipated are in no wise deceived.

In woman, every season brings some new atrocity; padded hips, "military fronts," or other profit-mongering device to disturb purse and comfort; only one principle, obviously, imperative; the desecration of the human form.

Until the day of the Individual it is well that changes come and go with but short intermissions.

If any of the deforming aberrations lasted long enough for hereditary bias to get in its work the human form might vanish into the camel-shape, or the giraffe, or the kangaroo.

The dressing of human beings is an affront to the universe whose law is variety. A man in pants is an absurdity.

Golf stockings and knickerbockers must force their way among men who get into the woods and meadows; they cannot stand the silent derision of Nature.

A pair of pants in the presence of a tree is an abomination, and convicts us of silliness.

The Greeks knew how to dress and there are yet races and tribes on the earth whose costume admits of individual expression; but in those parts of civilization where Commercialism is a god, Individuality is dead and buried, awaiting the social touch that shall resurrect it.

Individuality can flourish only in a free common life. The economic basis of life must be secure; wrinkles of haunting care must be smoothed off the brow of humanity before those native graces which slumber in every soul may shine through the physical instrument and shed their varied beauty on mankind.

A flower never can blossom before its roots are secure. Its source of life must be unquestionable before it can give its fragrance to the world.

Humanity is a flower.

Consider the lilies

It has been striving for centuries to get its roots in the soil.

Its bread has never been secure.

The individual is the human blossom.

How we run about after the man who possesses Individuality! He always has a crowd of lovers about him; he can scarcely get time for his own dreaming,—time to watch a blade of grass grow.

The human being who is an individual is the most glorious offering of the universe.

Jesus, Socrates, Mazzini, Marx, George, do not come by the dozen. All nipped by the cruel frost before their time they yet have shed an imperishable glory on the world.

We can produce radiant souls as easily as we produce violets.

All we have to do is to use the same intelligence in preparing the soil for the man that we do in preparing the soil for the violet.

The soul, Individuality, will flower in as infinite variety as Nature herself if we look after its roots.

A world in which every man is an individual, shedding the light of his singular presence upon the common life, would be

paradise enough. No man would wish to leave so beautiful a world.

We can have such a world if we want it. But more than a few of us must want it.

Individuality achieved in a world of mediocrity is but to freeze in loneliness upon the heights. This is why the lives of the great conquerors have ended in disappointment.

Nothing is worth while but human life.

If we strive against other lives to build our own life, we fail at the end.

Our success marks the measure of our failure. As Triumph comes in Love goes out.

Love is the law.

The flowers strike their roots into the common earth; the rain falls on them all; they nod to the cleansing wind; the sun kisses one and the other; there is no favoritism in nature.

To make the human garden as beautiful as the garden of nature we have only to learn the lesson of the sun and rain; we have only to make the collective purpose and effort of society the fitting of every human plant to nobly fulfill its individual destiny.

We cannot enjoy each other if we are all crushed into the same mold. By collectively

Consider the lilies

making every man's bread secure, we set men free to nobly serve. No lazy man would then be known; for each could find the work he loved to do; work would be a joy and a song; work would express coöperation with Creative Nature.

When the sources of human life are owned in common; when out of the bounteous granaries of the world the humblest child shall draw his sustenance; when want and hunger and profits and exploitation have become but dreams of distorted fancy; when competition shall have given place to emulation; when all the world holds no thought so sacred as that of human life; when I would have you be what you yourself would be and aid you to become it: then mediocrity will forever vanish from the haunts of men, the human violet will meet the human primrose upon Life's highway, and from their kiss of joy a pearl will spring so rich, so pure, so rainbow-hued that in it men shall look with seeing eyes and read the riddle of the Universe.

AS THE WHEELS TURN

"Human nature cannot be trusted."

On the limited train of the Lake Shore railroad running between Chicago and New York, these words were uttered by one sleek, prosperous-looking person to another sleek, prosperous-looking person sitting in the seat beside him. Only this one sentence of their conversation was distinguishable above the roar of the train and the night rain beating against the sleeper windows.

The Lake Shore Limited was running sixty miles an hour.

All day long human nature had patrolled the dreary length of track searching with faithful eyes for a loose spike, a started nut, or a springing coupling-plate that might prove a menace to the safety of the two sleek persons. All day long human nature had been cleaning switch and signal lamps, tramping in the evening storm to place them where the signals would be true, and the switch-lights accurate and reliable. All day long human nature had bent over the click of the telegraph transmitters and receivers, that the freight trains and the local trains might be

As the wheels turn

well out of the way of the train which was to bear the two sleek persons. Every car-wheel, every axle, every bolt, pin, coupler, buffer, angle-iron, driving-rod, cylinder, brake, every detail of this wonderfully equipped rolling palace, from the locomotive headlight to the rear platform lantern, was sound, stable and in its place because human nature had inspected it and pronounced it safe to carry and adequate to serve. And at the very moment of its revilement, human nature, with flannel streaked with grime, hand upon throttle, with cap pulled tight across forehead, was leaning far out of the rocking, swaying cab, peering into the blackness and the pelting rain, along the path of the monster locomotive, tirelessly alert, that no harm might come.

In what then, or in whom were the two sleek

persons trusting?

A flaw in the steel of the great locomotive drive wheels, inspected by human nature months before; a single loose rail in all those miles of track; a misplaced signal lantern or an open switch might have hurled the two sleek persons into eternity.

How was it possible for the two sleek persons to voice this calumny regarding human

nature when every reposeful, confident breath they drew on this lightning-running train should have proved to them the falsity of their assertions and overwhelmed them with honest shame?

It is because, in ceasing to be truly human themselves, they had lost the faculty of recognizing true humanity.

They believed they had been dealing with human nature in the gambling pit of the stock exchange; in the wolfish and pitiless economic warfare called business; in those walks of life where human nature is deformed and twisted by a false environment of wrong living, until it no longer is human nature, —until it shames even brute nature.

And all the time, before their very eyes, patient, faithful, gentle human nature is growing bread for the two sleek persons; making their clothes; building their houses; serving, serving, serving; day and night; week and week; year and year; while the two sleek persons and all their class are living as drones and parasites and blood-suckers; too atrophied and dulled by their false relations to humanity to see or recognize what ghastly spectacles they are.

As the wheels turn

Whenever a life ceases to be a *life of service*, it ceases to be a *human* life. When we grow away from the downmost being and lose sight of the godhood in him, we lose sight of the indwelling Force called God. For in the spiritual possibilities of true human nature resides all there is of God.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH

"For the dragon's teeth are the little letters of the alphabet, sown by Cadmus to breed dissension upon earth."

There are few things so beautiful as a printed page. See the little hieroglyphs—dragon's teeth—sowed in rows with such nice precision. Can a printer be criticised, can a maker of books be criticised, for loving his work?

And what a growth may spring from a page's sowing,—nay, a word's. The hiero-glyphs may be so set in a single word that they will tear your heart out.

A man may read a word and sink to the earth in a swoon; he may read another and leap with shouts of victory.

Sharp teeth indeed are these little characters of Cadmus'; sharp to gnaw at our vitals.

A single line of type may change the current of a life-stream,—a tiny dyke to deflect the pent-up waters.

There once was a man who went about with dull eyes, hating the world as a place of infamy. He saw gaunt women working late

The dragon's teeth

into the night, blear-eyed and worn with sleepless, hopeless toil. He looked into the factories; into the rag-rooms of paper mills, and there he saw little children working beside grandmothers; little children who ought to be playing in the sunshine; grandmothers who by a life of toil had earned a quiet place in the chimney corner. His soul rebelled at what he saw, for on the street in which he lived was a family which sent its pug dogs out for an airing in a victoria phaeton drawn by horses in silver-mounted harness. There were two men up behind in brass buttons. They were the dogs' lackeys.

The man was so sorry the good, common things of life—food and clothing and shelter—were so scarce that little children and grandmothers had to toil for them, and strong men had to degrade themselves to the level of dog-lackeys. But there seemed no help for it. If there wasn't enough there wasn't.

This man had a friend who was unworried, who went about smiling and happy, unmoved by the things he saw. When he spoke to this friend the friend replied that he needed the consolation of religion. He would then see that everything was all right. Providence

moved in too mysterious ways for men to understand. His friend told him to go and see the minister.

He had never gone to church much, but he went to see the preacher, because his heart was heavy and he wanted to see things happily as his friend did.

The preacher was a good man, kindly and honest, helping whom he could, following the light he had.

When he told the preacher about the little children, and the grandmothers, and the gaunt, blear-eyed women, the preacher wept honest tears. He was truly sorry. The man could see that the preacher was sincere.

The preacher said that we were here to relieve such suffering all we could; it was all in the inscrutable Divine plan; God had given us the poor; why, we know not; we must make their lives as bearable as possible by charitable works and acts of kindly service. We must trust God and have faith; faith in His infinite goodness; faith that all would come right, for He is all-powerful and beneficent.

Then the man saw why his friend could be so happy; it was because he blamed it all on God. God was all-powerful, God was

The dragon's teeth

responsible; for him to interfere or to worry was to doubt God.

The man thought of the grandmothers and the little children and the gaunt, blear-eyed women, and the pug dogs and the lackeys, and he felt that he would like to catch the Responsible One and kick him good. He could have made a better world himself; any just man could. It seemed to him that his friend and the preacher were bowing to a being who was inferior to a common gentleman. Their god was not as good as they were if he was all-powerful as they said and ordained the things he did.

The preacher had not given the man much comfort, so he went among the philosophers, and got none from them either, except one conclusion,—that of Professor Huxley. The sum of Professor Huxley's great researches was the declaration that if human society had reached its ultimate in the class system of the very rich and the very poor then the best thing which could happen to the world would be for a comet to come along and bump it into the demnition bow-wows.

This is not a very happy philosophy. It is a better philosophy to die in than to live

in. Huxley died in it; but the man we are talking about after reaching the same conclusion had to go on living. That was harder.

One day he picked up a discarded newspaper in a railroad train and read a long column of short paragraphs.

This was one of them: "Few people realize the great resources of the state of Texas. Enough grain could be grown in Texas by ordinary cultivation to feed the present population of the world."

He read the paragraph again. Then he read it again. Then he read it once more. Then his eyes wandered on to the fleeting landscape as the train sped on, and his imagination conjured up the thousands and thousands of wretched homes in America in which, every night, little children went crying supperless to bed; little children went crying supperless to bed in a country of which a single state could feed the world!

He felt a fierce contraction of the heart.

The dragon's teeth had bitten him and he was thenceforth fated to sow dissension upon the earth.

Cadmus, back in the twilight of history, had with patient fingers framed the little

The dragon's teeth

hieroglyphs which this day were to picture forth to one man a revelation. Cadmus had sown the dragon's teeth which, replanted innocently by some printer in praise of Texas, had reached out subtly from a printed page and fastened upon a good man's heart.

Oh, subtle little letters! Between thy very lines the quickened soul may glean oftimes a meaning.

A great manful wrath rose in this man's heart; wrath at his training; at that base, lying education which turns with folded hands to a god; laying upon him the blame for human stupidity.

Religion? Nay, devil worship! The good preacher was bowing in his ignorance to a devil, not a god. Did his god make the world? Then he made the state of Texas and its fertility. What would the generous giver of such a state,—nay, of forty states,—think of men who would allow little children to starve in these states and then blame the giver for their starvation?

In his ignorance the preacher was blaspheming. Good, well-meaning man that he was, yet, in his ignorance he insulted grossly the being he professed to worship.

These are the thoughts which came to the man after the dragon's teeth had bitten him.

And with these thoughts came also a great joy; the realization that now he had a work to do. The universe after all was sincere. The faith that was dead revived. He would take men by the shoulders and shake them into life; he would sow dragon's teeth, he himself would carry on the work which Cadmus had begun!

He would sow the teeth of the dragon on highway and byway until they should rend the heart of the stupid world, until crime, poverty, wretchedness and devil-worship should

vanish from an earth of plenty.

And so now he goes his way with joy in his heart at last. Not the irresponsible, fatuous, shallow joy of his friend; but the deep holy joy of a purposeful man whose soul is in tune with that Infinite whose love for men is so great that it is unmoved to wrath even by their malignings.

And wherever the art of printing has modified the ignorance of the savage the dragon's teeth are sprouting. Wherever there is a man who reads with open mind, there is there bred dissension. Wherever an earnest man

The dragon's teeth

sits with a pen, wherever a race-lover bends at the printer's case for the Cause's sake, there the dragon's teeth are planting.

You, who are reading this now: there is here some word or some sentence which you will never forget. For the little letters of Cadmus upon this page are breeding dissension, and they will go on breeding dissension until wrong and injustice shall be banished from the earth.

TOM'S A'COLD

With the advent of the months ushering in the winter the owners of anthracite coal raise the price from twenty-five to fifty cents a ton every thirty days.

The addition of every twenty-five cents means an increased profit of one million dollars on every four million tons sold. Four million tons are burned in one week of severe weather.

In the United States are nearly 80,000,000 people. Not all of them use coal, but most of them do.

Some of them burn the soap-boxes which they have been using for furniture before the winter is over. Many of them do without fire altogether, and here and there a man or woman, or a family, freezes to death after a few weeks of underfeeding.

Food, making blood, heats the body from the inside. When the inside heater and the outside heater both get low and the thermometer is around the zero point, then you die. Nature has her laws.

Nature furnishes grain,—the elevators today are full.

Tom's a'cold

Thousands of people today have not had enough to eat.

Nature furnishes coal. We could not ex-

haust the coal supply if we would.

Thousands of people suffer all winter with the cold; buying their coal by the basket at the rate of \$15 a ton, or not buying it at all.

Nature has her laws.

She makes men; but she cannot prevent their being wolves.

She makes men; but she cannot prevent

their being fools.

Until the people use the reason with which they have been gifted, for them there is no special providence. The wolves will get the fleece.

It is not kings, nor landlords, nor capitalists who anywhere really enslave the people.

It is their own ignorance.

Eighty million people allow a few hundred men to own the coal by which they may be warmed. Why?

Did they make the coal, these men?

No; they did not make it; they did not bring it into the world with them when they came; they will not take it with them when they go.

Yet they own it. It is a curious mystery. Do they dig the coal, these men?

No; other men dig it; poor men; men with grimy faces and aching backs; for a few cents a ton.

Do they take it from the mines, these men? No; children do it; little dwarfed and cheerless boys, who have never learned how to play, drive the stubborn mules on the subterranean tramways. Children do it.

Do they transport the coal, these men?

No; other men couple and uncouple and switch and haul the cars, clamber over the snow-covered lumps and set the brakes of freight trains with their chapped and bleeding hands. They get a bare living for it.

What, then, do these men do?

Nothing! Nothing! Nothing! Not a single thing! They only own the coal!

They seldom ever see the coal; they never lift a shovel nor twist a brake. They spend their time in idling at the clubs, in driving, wrapped up in protecting furs, upon the speedways of the parks; in spending in foreign travel, for costly pictures and futile amusements, the money taken from the pockets of the poor.

Tom's a'cold

You wise persons who are always saying that every man gets what he earns!

What do these men earn?

You wise persons who are always asking what we are going to do with the men who won't work!

What are you going to do with these men who won't work? These men who revel in the luxuries of millions without doing a single solitary act of human service to those who support them in their idleness.

Is it a crime to hate to work?

Then why do you not put your leisure class in jail?

If idleness itself is a crime, what is the crime of the man who not only does no work himself, but prevents other men from working?

That is what the owner of a coal mine does. The private ownership of a coal mine is simply the power to prevent other people from using it.

If you were to advertise in a Chicago paper today for a thousand men wanted to dig coal, they would be at the railroad station tomorrow morning; there might be two thousand there.

If you were to advertise for trainmen, you would be sure to get replies from twice as many as you wanted.

Here, then, are thousands of men willing to serve with their labor the other thousands who are freezing for the need of it.

Who stands in the way then of those who would work and those who need the coal?

The men who own the coal!

So long as the people allow a few men to own what belongs to all the people, these few men will traffic in the people's necessities.

The supply of coal is carefully limited. Vast coal acreages are held out of use; locked up from the people. The price is thus kept up to enrich the idle owners. They profit by all the improvements in production. The people don't.

It is easy to be a millionaire when the people acknowledge your ownership of things upon which their lives depend; things which you do not have to produce but which you can charge for the use of.

When you want a million dollars for a winter home in Florida you raise coal 25 cents. That is, you reach into the pockets of several million people and take a quarter out of each

of them; 25 cents they had been counting on spending for something else. You change their minds for them. The cold must be kept out. Coal will do it.

The Fall increase of 50 cents a ton means two million dollars every four million tons.

The January increase of 25 cents a ton, added to the Fall increase of 50 cents, means three million dollars every four million tons.

The coal owners are reaping millions before these arbitrary raises begin. The coal costs them no more to produce in winter than in summer; but the people need it worse in winter.

It is very easy.

These millions of dollars will buy food and clothing and shelter that human toil is producing.

The people give up the millions in order to keep warm, and then give up the things their labor produces in order to get the millions back again.

Here is matter for the Devil's laughter.

There are 80,000,000 of the people and there are only a few hundred of the coal mine owners.

There is coal enough for all.

Ignorance alone enslaves.

The middle class,—that fatuous, self-satisfied number of men who are getting a few paltry thousands a year,—think it is a huge joke. You hear them talking about it to one another on the street cars or on the suburban trains.

One will say: "This is great weather for the Coal Barons, eh?"

One will reply: "Yes, this is the weather that makes us shovel the dollars into the furnace."

And then they laugh; and all the men on adjacent seats who overhear, they laugh too.

It is the sport of fools.

In the river wards of Chicago are ten thousand families who never know what it is to be warm in winter. Flat-breasted mothers lay their little babes against their bare skin and shiveringly hold them there all night, encircled in their arms to keep the babes from freezing. Little children lie upon the floors beside the wretched stove in their day clothing, wrapped in a bit of sacking. Their day clothing is their night clothing. Every night they cry themselves to sleep, it is so cold.

Alas, how pitiful it is. There is so much coal; and there is so much grain.

Sometimes the good wives of the coal owners come in their furs to see the poor people. They feel very sorry for them.

They generally ask if the habits of the father are temperate and if the children go to Sunday-school. Then, if they think the poor people really need it, they send around half a ton of coal.

Then they feel very happy as we always do when we think we have done a good thing.

The next day they kneel in a cushioned pew in a nice warm church and say: "Lord, have mercy upon us miserable offenders!" They say the same thing to God every Sunday. Perhaps God does not hear them. He may be listening to the cry of the cold little children.

The men who own the coal are not unkindly men. Why should they think it is wrong to own the coal when the people themselves think it is right? That's the point! Stupid, patient beasts. The people themselves think it is right. Most of them will vote and fight for those who exploit them.

Human life is cheap. They have been trained to bow to property as a god. Habits of mind enslave men infinitely more than habits of body.

If you, among well-to-do people, dare to point out the fact that by every principle of justice the coal is for the common use of all, you are looked upon as a social leper. These well-to-do ones are mentally so enslaved by the common thought of the defensibility of private exploitation that laws are now being talked of to suppress criticism. They are now legislating to stop the mouth of the hungry man by banishment or legal murder.

Ignorance has so atrophied their minds and souls that their marks of mental and moral degradation have become the recognized patents of

respectability!

To think you are living under just institutions when every institution at some point of contact reeks with infamy; to think that laws are fair when before your very eyes men who do no work revel in luxury, and men whose lives are all work freeze and starve; to believe that a civilization is good which dwarfs and blights the highest instincts of the soul from the hour of its birth; in short, to be in

Tom's a'cold

Hell and not to know that you are in Hell is human degradation to the depths of which even the imagination of a Dante could not reach.

If the people willed it so this earth might be a paradise.

Coal might be distributed as postage stamps are distributed; not for profit but for the happiness and the comfort of us all.

Why not?

Would the world be worse to live in because no one was cold?

Back of the men who own the coal, bulwarking them in their wrong, looms the stupendous stupidity of the people expressed in the laws of private property.

A few men may enslave a million,—helped by the million's ignorance.

Private ownership of the coal is a monstrous crime. The coal has been in the earth since the creation of the world. No man made it and no man owns it.

To hold it from those who need it is to commit murder.

Man's life is but a brief four-score years, shortened to three-score, for the most, by worry.

To enable one man to come upon the earth and charge another man for the coal of the earth, so that one may loaf and one must work for two, society must be organized on a basis of human slavery.

In spite of our blatant boasting and ignorant pretense of free institutions the American civilization of today is a slave civilization. The men of this glorious republic are hard-driven slaves of fear. Look into the faces in the city streets and see what is written there!

Who owns your bread his song you sing.

Who owns your coal owns you.

No one made the coal.

The coal cannot be owned by a few unless the people wish it to be owned by a few.

The people are millions; the owners are a handful.

Ignorance alone enslaves!

DOES IT SEEM FAIR TO YOU?

The Stock yards at Chicago is not a pleasant place to work. The odors are very foul there and the streets reek with filth. One can seldom get a breath of untainted air. Yet there are in Chicago ten thousand more men than are employed at the packing-houses already, who would gladly work all day with that vile stench in their nostrils if they could get bread enough for their children to eat, and coal enough to keep them warm.

The hunger-whip can make men work almost anywhere.

It is hard to get employment at the stock yards. There are always so many men waiting around for every job. A man will suffer almost any indignity from the boss before he will complain.

It is strange that it is so hard for a man to get work. There is so much useful and necessary work to be done. Something seems to stand in the way of doing it. Nobody in particular seems to blame.

Perhaps it is the system.

The big packing companies don't seem to care much about a man. Perhaps they have

no children of their own. Or perhaps they have plenty of shoes and stockings and other things to keep out the cold.

If you go to work for them you have to put up ten dollars. The company keeps it to keep you straight.

If you have been out of work for a while and are in debt at the grocer's, and there is no bread or coal in the house, you have not the ten dollars to put up.

Then you sign a contract to let the company keep back some of your wages every week until the ten dollars belonging to you is in their bank.

You sign a contract anyhow. You cannot get the job if you don't. Other men are glad to sign it.

When you are behind in your rent and the landlord and the grocer are pressing you, it is hard not to get your full pay; but if you don't like the job you can leave it.

And then there is your contract.

If you quit your job without giving the company two week's notice, the company keeps your money.

Sometimes your wife or your little boy gets so sick you can't go to work. If you did

Does it seem fair to you?

they might die while you were gone. You cannot give the two weeks' notice then. Sickness does not tell you when it is coming.

So you lose the ten dollars.

The company would refund the money if they really knew how much you needed it. But working men are so unreliable. They drink and they lie. The company cannot go about all the time verifying their stories.

So you lose it.

You might get a lawyer to see about it, as the company has no right to your money. But lawyers have to be paid.

And there is your contract. That settles it. You cannot go back of that. You signed it of your own free will. You had to sign it to get the job. So the law would not help you.

You seldom know there is a law until you get arrested for something. It seems as if the law helped some people to take advantage

of others. Perhaps it's the system.

Ten dollars is not much. But the big packers have several plants. Ten thousand men at ten dollars each is one hundred thousand dollars. At six per cent that is six thousand dollars a year,—interest on your money.

Your little girl may need shoes. It does not seem right.

If the men should strike, the company might make one hundred thousand dollars,—unless the men won. If they lost the strike they might lose the money.

There are always so many hungry scabs to take your place. You cannot prevent them from working. There is no excuse for violence in a free country.

Then there is the military.

You might complain often if you could get another job. The managers of the departments do not like you to complain. The man who runs his department for the least money gets the most pay.

If you are two minutes late you are docked half an hour,—an hour in some places. That's a good deal.

Then if the killing is late you run over the closing hour. But you do not get an extra cent for that.

Ten or fifteen minutes three or four days in the week is not much for one man. But for ten thousand it is much. It makes a good showing for the boss. He gets that labor free.

Does it seem fair to you?

In one of the houses one winter some of the men spoke about it to one another. It was happening so regularly. One of them agreed to keep tab on the overtime. The boss saw him marking in a little book. The next day the office sent for him and told him they did not need him any longer. He was a good man and had worked faithfully; but the boss wanted to make a good showing. He did not want any dissatisfaction among the men.

The office did not give the two weeks' notice.

It was not in the contract.

It is better not to find fault with anything if you expect to stay.

One day a yard man was sent out with the State inspector. The inspector turned down forty cattle. He said they had a disease called lumpy jaw. Such beef is not good to eat.

In the afternoon the yard man saw the forty cattle with a lot of others in the killing pen. The inspector had gone on to one of the other packing-houses.

The yard man knew that people have died of eating diseased meat, so he slipped over

to where the inspector was and told him the lumpy-jawed cattle had got into the killing pen by mistake. So the inspector went and ordered them out again;—which prevented their being killed until the following day.

The yard man had gone then. They told him at the office he should learn to keep his mouth shut. He was not paid for sneaking

about, they said.

It is hard to get another job when they let you go that way. You always have to tell where you worked before. And then they tell you to come around next week. Meanwhile they look you up. When you come around the next week they say they guess they don't need any more men just now.

In one house a man worked for twelve years at one job. He was so good that he got more pay than the others. The work was important. He had not missed a day in ten years. They could not give him a vacation the boss said. There was no one to take his place. But one day his brother came to see him from England and he said he wanted to lay off for two weeks.

The boss said he could not spare him; but as he had worked there for twelve years and

Does it seem fair to you?

knew the manager he went to the office and got permission. When he came back in two weeks the boss said he was sorry, but the place was filled.

So he went to look for a job at one of the other houses. He was too good a man to remain long idle.

But they all turned him down so persist-

ently that he became discouraged.

Finally one of the clerks in a big plant, who used to work where he did, took him quietly aside and told him his name was on the "blue book" and it was no good trying.

He wondered what his family would do.

You can't learn a new trade right away after you have worked for twelve years at one job.

None of the packing-houses would have him.

Finally he went back to the old house and pleaded with tears in his eyes to be taken. He could not see his family starve.

The hunger-whip sort of cowes men.

So they said he might go to work, but they could not pay him so much as before.

They wanted him back all the time, but they wanted to teach him a lesson. They fixed him on the blue book so they could be

sure he would come back to them. It does not pay to be too independent.

Jobs are not so plenty as all that.

Then, too, the companies give everyone a chance to get on. They encourage you to buy stock.

Employees who own stock take a greater interest in the plant. They look out for waste and that sort of thing. The more stock you own the faster you get on. They don't make you buy stock but they show you it's to your advantage. Not many of the workmen own any. It takes all their wages to buy groceries and fuel and occasionally a little clothing.

One man bought a share and when his family got sick he wanted to sell it. The company sent him to their broker in La Salle street. He had bought it of the company at par, but he sold it to their broker for what he could get.

If he had been more industrious and saved more of his wages he would not have had to sell it. The company did not make him buy it. It was not anybody's fault.

Yet it seemed too bad somehow. Perhaps it is the system.

JIMMIE, THE WEAVER

"The entire force of weavers in the Fitchburg worsted mills and the Beoli mills of the American Woolen company struck today in sympathy with the Rhode Island employees of the combine in the struggle against the two-loom system in that state."

-Boston Herald.

Jimmie, the weaver, isn't a weaver; he is a sweeper.

Jimmie used to be a weaver, but now he sweeps out the factory and does odd jobs around;—jobs an old man can do. That's what they call him: "the old man." He is forty-five years old. Nearly all the men in factory towns in New England are "old" when they are forty-five. As soon as they lose their nimbleness they are cashiered; or the fining system drives them out. Men's fingers are less nimble than women's anyhow; particularly young girls'.

As Jimmie isn't under the strain of watching the looms for a break he is always ready to talk; particularly if he can get off in a corner with you, where the superintendent doesn't see him. Jimmie is faithful enough about the jobs he does; as faithful as you can expect an old man of forty-five to be; but he

has been quaking at the thought of the superintendent for so many years; he has been afraid of losing his job for so long, that a furtive, hunted manner has become a sort of second nature to him, and he peers about between the looms as if he expected to be caught and kicked for something.

You can't expect Jimmie to be a man when he has lived a cowering slave since he was thirteen. That is not the way men are made.

"Look at that line," said Jimmie. He pointed over the high window ledge. It was nearly noon and a dozen men with full dinner pails were filing into the factory yard.

"Late, aren't they?" I said. He read my

lips and understood.

"Devil a bit," he screeched, above the roar of the looms, "On time! the whistle will blow in a minute."

The whistle blew and then he told me.

The men were bringing the dinners to their wives and daughters who worked at the looms. They were all old men; all of them over forty;—too old to work.

In the New England factory towns the women earn the living and the men wash and cook and look after the neighbor's children.

Jimmie, the weaver

While they are both young enough the mothers and fathers work in the factories together.

This is a fine thing for conjugal felicity, this working together of husband and wife. Of course they get no chance to speak to one another at the factory; and there are so many things to do around "home" that they don't get much chance there either, until the supper dishes are washed up at eight or nine o'clock. Then,-if they are not tired, and the baby is asleep so they cannot get acquainted with it,—is when they have their conversations about art, and literature, and the merits of the latest opera. As they are seldom tired, this is the pleasantest time of the day. The strain of watching the looms all day on their feet is removed and they thoroughly enjoy the relaxation.

Of course they cannot go about much. If they should be out two or three nights a week at the opera it might impair their health.

Daylight comes quickly when you're out till twelve or one. Then, too, there's no one to leave the baby with. It has been tended all day by someone else.

When both mother and father, all winter long, go into the factory at day-break and

don't come out till nightfall, there are a few things about "home" to be done, both before they go, and after they return.

For example, there is the washing. By getting up before five o'clock—two or three hours before daylight—and working together by the light of a kerosene lamp, they can get that done. Then comes the ironing; they handle that the same way. The baby makes washing and ironing before daylight a pretty steady job.

Then there is the breakfast, scanty enough; they have to hurry so. Seven o'clock comes so soon in the winter, and they cannot afford to be docked; they run that risk all day.

Then there is the baby. If the baby had any sense it wouldn't expect attention from a mother who worked all day in the factory and had to do the cooking and dishwashing and marketing and sewing and washing and ironing before daylight and after dark. But babies haven't any sense. If they had they might blow up the universe, or refuse to be born; but they haven't.

The mothers who work all the week in the factories for six or seven dollars pay some young girl (under thirteen) or some old man

Jimmie, the weaver

(over forty) two or three dollars a week for looking after their babies.

The babies' idea of a mother is a man with a bottle of thin milk.

The mothers' net compensation for a week's work is three or four dollars and the pleasure of hearing their babies cry for someone else,—the one they are used to, who feeds them.

On Sunday, if the washing and sewing are caught up and the house doesn't need cleaning (no nice person can bear to see a working man's house that is not clean), perhaps the mother and father may have an hour or two to play with the baby, or get a breath of sun and air.

It is a great life, this life of a man and a woman together, sharing their common tasks,—the poets say so. They haven't, of course, much to occupy them except work, but they have plenty of that, and that is the only thing the weavers are afraid of losing.

At least Jimmie says so.

Why they should be afraid of losing work is a mystery. The nice people surely don't want to do it. But Jimmie says when work is slack "the kids goes hungry."

Doubtless they cannot save very much on six or seven dollars a week and the rent to pay.

As soon as the babies grow up and look large enough not to make their "age: thirteen" certificate a lie on its face, it will be easier; their wages will then help out.

Jimmie says, "you always think good times is comin', but they always beats you somehow. When the kids grows up it don't seem to make no difference. The more comes in the more goes out, it seems like."

The double-loom is a threatening monster. Jimmie doesn't know much about capitalism, but you can't fool him about the double-loom. The double-loom always brings a strike at first. The man fights the machine.

The double-loom system was developed some years ago. It was born in the textile mills of Philadelphia; that's why people were so slow in hearing about it.

In Philadelphia the double-loom system is employed in the weaving of all woolens, except the heaviest fabrics and those most difficult to weave. In the light fabrics for summer wear one weaver frequently operates four looms. The Philadelphia weaver receives

Jimmie, the weaver

no greater pay now for the operation of four looms than was received five years ago for the operation of one. The pay of many weavers is less than eight dollars per week. Women are preferred as weavers in many mills because of their expertness and "tractability."

Even if extra compensation were allowed, the double-loom system would be murderous.

"Look," said Jimmie, at the top of his voice, after the nooning was over and the crashing had begun again, "you wouldn't think that they was doin' anything, would you?"

Here the girls had but one loom. They could look after their neighbor's for a few minutes if brief absence were necessary. They stood about, quiet, unmoved, reposeful in the

deafening din.

I looked at the nearest girl. Her face was pale and she was as reposeful as the others; but her repose, as that of the others, was the repose of nervous tension. Her eyes, apparently roving, were keenly watchful, and her ears were acock for the slightest noise which would indicate a break, or a float or other fault in the swiftly running threads. Even as I looked, she sprang like a cat to

her loom, her nimble fingers flew for an instant so rapidly I could not follow them, and then she relapsed quietly into the old attitude

of repose.

"The nervous strain of this work is devilish!" I hissed into Jimmie's ear; and I thought of the nice people running about the city shops and buying the lives of these girls in their bargains in dimities, challies, mulles

and organdies.

"I bet you," grinned Jimmie, roaring and screeching alternately, "but s'pose they was tendin' three or four of 'em! That 'ud lay 'em out in a few years. Then they'd have to have their hands and eyes in several places at onct. They gets docked if they spoils a piece;—it's took out o' their wages. That's why I quit runnin' a loom. My fines was so big I owed the company money every pay day. If I'd a' been runnin' more'n one loom I'd be owin' 'em money yet."

Jimmie laughed a loud, mirthless laugh above the crash of the machinery,—"the loud

laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

The double-loom system originated with the weavers themselves. When a weaver was not at work, the one whose loom was next in

Jimmie, the weaver

line asked to be allowed to run the two looms. This request was frequently granted, and the operative made double wages. Mill owners, observing that one weaver could, in an emergency, do what until then was considered the work of two, made it a rule that two looms should be run, instead of one. This aroused a storm of protest at the time, but it has since been generally enforced in Philadelphia.

A single-loom system cannot compete with a double-loom system.

When one factory grinds up more human life than another factory, competition does the rest.

"The rest o' 'em has got to come to it," says Jimmie.

Jimmie lives in one of the company's houses built all in a row. There are no fences and no gardens. The grass is trampled flat.

"Do they make you live there,—in their houses?"

Jimmie cocked an eye and looked about; then he came close up to me. "No, they don't say nothin' about it; but when they has to let a feller go, it's generally the feller that lives in the houses the company don't own. I lives in a company house. I got one boy

and two girls here in the factory and I don't take no chances."

"What a splendid encouragement for the workers to own their own homes!" I thought.

If a whole family, like Jimmie's, works and saves and buys a little hut of their own, it is used against them. They'll work cheaper before they'll leave it;—and workmen's houses are built by the company to rent for profit, not to stand empty at a loss.

Jimmie is a politician.

He does not wait for a house to fall on him before he catches on; that is certain.

He evidently hates to be everlastingly under the eye of the company;—he would at least like to shake off the incubus in his home life and have another landlord, but he has been crushed too long; his manhood has long since dwindled into mere transparent craft.

Jimmie is the product of the system.

Competition to make goods at a profit made Jimmie; and it is making his children on the same model. It is a wonderful system for preserving and dignifying human life. Jimmie's children's children are not yet in the mills; they look under "age: thirteen."

Jimmie, the weaver

Good people are saying in the newspapers that "childhood shall be sacredly preserved for the playground, the school-room, and the home."

"The home": that is deeply moving!

A home which, instead of a mother and father, has a tired man and woman who go away at daylight and return after dark; that is a home to "sacredly preserve," indeed.

In 1875 or thereabout weavers made fifty to sixty dollars a month running one loom. Now they have to run three or four looms and drop out, nervous wrecks, at forty-five,—to earn thirty to thirty-five dollars.

Miserable discontented strikers! What country could be prosperous with such a greedy working class? Are they never satisfied? Do they expect to live as people live who have an "independent income"?

This is the greatest nation in the world, and the most prosperous. We are producing \$2,000,000,000 worth of goods more than we can consume. The statistics prove it.

"Do you think you could consume another shirt, Jimmie, out of the \$2,000,000,000 if you had wages enough to buy it?"

But Jimmie shook his head; he doesn't understand politics; and he has learned by a long and successful career that if you expect to keep your job there is only one way to vote.

Jimmie never takes any chances.

THE CREEPING DARK

"Students of the University of Chicago were instructed yesterday in the management and operation of great railroads. In the address by the Assistant Second Vice-President of the Illinois Central, the statement which apparently impressed the students most was that the age limit at which men were taken into railroad employ was 35 years."

-Chicago Tribune.

It is an interesting commentary on modern business life that there is no place in it for the old. Life-wisdom, mature judgment, soul poise, are not of commercial value. The intangibles are below par in a profitseeking world.

In the current industrial organizations, at the moment at which it would seem that a man is best equipped for efficient service he ceases to be of use.

This is because to keep the present social order going, physical intelligence is alone required of the mass,—muscle intelligence, as it were. Men are available only as they are human machines; unthinking, plodding creatures of routine.

Among railroad employees there survives a fragment of a traditional dialogue between

the general manager of a great western railroad and an employee whom he was reprimanding:

The Employee: "But sir, I thought—"

The General Manager: "Damn you, sir.

You are not paid for thinking."

. Under a military despotism the soldier is not paid for thinking. He murders without compunction men who never did him any harm at his superior's command and gives his life in battles not his own.

Under an industrial despotism the worker is not paid for thinking.

He, too, gives his life in battles not his

own.

Despotism has many forms.

For Profit's sake the workers produce, and produce and produce; and when they are old they are cashiered.

When they have given their lives in service to society, society confronts them with a shut door for their pains.

Society has no place today for the old.

The great wholesale houses of Chicago take boys at sixteen years of age.

Inside of a year they are doing a man's work,—at a boy's pay.

The creeping dark

This is the young and ambitious period of their lives. They have hope in their hearts; the inevitable has not yet bulked against their horizon.

From sixteen to thirty-five they work hard and faithfully. A few out of the hundred thousands become department managers or get similar positions of service that involve a petty authority and a little judgment in matters of no particular importance.

The vast majority reach thirty-five before their reason awakens with the judgment of manhood and they realize that they have given the best part of their lives to a ceaseless grind for other men's profits, and that it is now too late to do anything for themselves.

If before hope expires they look about for new relations of service they are confronted by such interesting rules as are operative in the Illinois Central.

At the moment when, under a rational social order, a man's years would best qualify him for mature judgment and sound and intelligent decisions, the present social order meets his application to serve it with the curt and positive assurance that he is too old.

This base—nay, infamous—humiliation is constantly suffered today by men who are robust, strong and able.

What, then, are they to do?

Stay in the rut; die in the rut; or starve. From the moment that an intelligent man awakes to the realization that he has no future save one of routine, treadmill plodding, he gets his bread at the price of his manhood. The life-flame flickers and goes out. His eyes no longer shine. His tale is told. He then begins a long period of waiting; waiting for death. He may indulge himself with a few creature-comforts; but he has no longer to be reckoned with. He may go or stay.

So he continues at his boyhood's employment; at his boyhood's wages, or very little more; until he gets in the way of some shorttempered manager.

Then his store coat, worn at the elbows, is gone from the hook. He doesn't come any more. His floor-mates forget about him.

During the ambitious period of a man's life today his energies are sapped by a system which throws him away like a limp rag as soon as the sap is wrung out of him, or

The creeping dark

awakening intelligence provokes a normal dissatisfaction.

Thousands and thousands and thousands are thus ground through this frightful, impersonal mill, the mere dry grist of a profit-making civilization which has no use for the thing that life is meant for—the human soul.

Life is a progression; an unfoldment; a

spiritual development.

When your soul stops reaching out for higher things; when your hope is gone, and your ambition is gone; you may be walking about the streets, and riding on trains, but you are a dead man. Your life is behind you.

A society which reduces human beings to the dead level of a machine-like routine; which smothers the creative instinct; which extinguishes hope before mid-life is reached,

is only a form of organized death.

And yet it is this vast horde of patient, plodding slaves, dulled by routine and soul-quenched by years of exploitation, who are keeping their fellows in slavery. They look with dull eyes upon ideals for a ransomed society. They do not think they can be benefited. They do not think at all. Dead men do not think.

A clerk who has worked ten hours a day for twenty years without a day's vacation looks at a caged canary and exclaims: "Poor imprisoned little thing."

There is never so sorry a slave as the slave

who imagines he is free.

And day by day, step by step, age is creeping on.

It is a sad thing, this realization that the

world has no place for the old.

The little children still love grandfather and grandmother.

But their place by the fireside is gone.

The fireside itself is gone.

Hurry into your grave old man. You have worked hard it is true. You have been making things for others' comfort all your life.

But this is a busy world. There are profits to make.

And you are in the way.

HOW FAR THE LITTLE CANDLE—

Once at a meeting at which John S. Crosby had been explaining the iniquity of private ownership of land, a man approached him and said: "Mr. Crosby, I realize that what you say is true, but what can a man do single-handed in a community like this? I'm only one." "Well," replied Mr. Crosby, "be one, most men are nothing."

Out in Colorado, an hour's ride up beautiful Boulder canon, one comes upon a place where the crystal stream divides, and while half of it pursues its natural stony path, the other half runs for a dozen yards quietly along a sedgy bank and then suddenly flings itself back into the embrace of its mate, from whence the single stream flows onward to the plain.

At the point where the stream divides there once stood a mill. This was in the seventies, when the grizzlies would poke their heads out of a clump of cedars and look at you with their little, cunning eyes; the rattle-snakes coiled themselves upon the warm rocks, and the beavers sought out the still water in which to indulge their taste in architecture.

The animals are gone now—all but the chipmunk; he remains to chatter his derision. His minuteness has saved him.

In the mill race the beavers found an ideal

place for their building.

When the sun sank behind the peaks of the Great Divide and darkness fell upon the canon the little architects would begin. They would build and build. Two or three nights would do the business. The race would be so choked with beaver huts that enough water would not come through to grind a hickorynut. It looked as though the men would have to quit trying to crush ore and go to killing beavers. But a mountaineer who dropped in had an idea.

He told them if they would hang out a lantern the beavers would stop bothering.

So they stripped a young pine and hung a lamp on it.

After that at night the beavers would slide into the race, blink up at the light and then slide back into the rapids again, seeking new foundations.

Night after night through long years the lantern hung there, until "the light at Coan's mill" was as a star to steer by.

How far the little candle-

It cheered the lonely mountaineer as he climbed the long reaches in the darkness to his hillside cabin; and the driver of the belated stage looked for its cheerful ray again and again as the canon widened and narrowed above the sharply declining road, anon disclosing, anon obscuring with its craggy steeps, the mill far down the gorge.

Men in the mass are very much like beavers; their activity is as ceaseless, oftentimes as instinctive and unreasoning, sometimes as collectively destructive.

They do not mean to overthrow the things that wiser men have builded; they do not mean to discard the principles that make for race progress; but they, like the beavers, work mostly in the dark.

They do not understand.

In building their petty fortunes they choke the life stream.

They do not see there is a mill to run—unless there is a light to show them.

In almost every town there is some one personally akin to this light in Boulder canon; some one soul which shines steadily on amid

the petty scandals, the gossip, and the empty sound and fury of provincial life.

Such a soul may possess none of the qualities of leadership; no power of individual initiative, no equipment for what men call martyrdom.

Yet it is a light—a mind still open to new thoughts and new disclosures of eternal truth.

Only so it burns steadily, steadily.

You, brother, may be that light. You need not always speak; only now and then a quiet word—when a principle is in the balance.

For it is not what you say that moves men; it is what you are. They look behind your words at you.

You may be alone; you may be "only one;" but in that day when your little community shall be swept off its feet by unreasoning passion, or false enthusiasm, then trim your lamp; its light is needed then.

Some will be deterred by it; some will be guided by it; and a few will look for it and

rely upon it.

Thus shall you help the Plan.

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.

RENUNCIATION

"Tolstoy seems to have carried his theories into practice even in the smallest details of life. On one occasion he mounted a bicycle belonging to his aristocratic son. He soon mastered the art of balance, and was delighted by the swift, smooth motion. His wife noticed his enjoyment and immediately offered to give him a machine. Tolstoy at first accepted, but on reconsidering the matter he decided that as other less favored mortals could not afford to possess bicycles he had no right to one either."

—London News.

Leo Tolstoy has probably done as much to stir the conscience and arouse a hatred and disgust of the world's injustice as any living person.

To paint human society as it is, in all its hideous hypocrisy, seems to be his mission; and he does it well. His indictment is scathing, and he hits the mark. There is no escaping him.

But when the unattractive social edifice has been leveled there must begin the process of construction; and negation is not a stable superstructure. To renounce is not to build.

It is Tolstoy's remedy, so far as he offers one, that does not satisfy.

No one can fail to respect the man who voluntarily denies himself comforts and satisfactions that other men do not have; but we may admire a chivalrous action even when we are convinced of its social futility.

To deny oneself a bicycle because all men do not have bicycles does not help other men to have bicycles.

If bicycles grew like North Poles or Equators,—only one in the world; not enough under any circumstances to go round,—Tolstoy's generous renunciation might minister to human need. Bicycles, however, can be duplicated; as many can be produced as there are human bipeds to bestride them.

By the same token, if Tolstoy were to stop eating there would be no lessening of the number of Russian children who go to bed hungry.

It is better for one to eat his fill that he may have the strength to strive that all others may be fed.

In a world in which there is enough for all, he who denies himself his needed share may unwittingly force a like denial upon others, and encourage, in the thoughtless strong, a grasping spirit.

Renunciation

The principle of renunciation is not a true principle. It may have its roots in pride.

I will someday refuse to allow you to gain for yourself a fancied nobility by my ignoble acceptance of the thing you renounce.

You shall serve me if you like, and I will love you for it, and serve you in return; but you shall sacrifice for me not a bit.

The free spirit hates a debt.

Renunciation is a cardinal principle of a ruling-class religion; for-us-to-preach and you-to-practice kind. It has been taught the workers ever since wages were a reality,—and before.

The people have grown accustomed to the idea that it is a virtue to "give up"; a very agreeable philosophy in the eyes of the idlers; it makes the workers submissive.

The ruling class furnishes the teachers. When a working class teacher arises he is put to death or otherwise discredited as a disturber of "order." A Carpenter tried it once.

Into this teaching of the virtues of renunciation has been subtly woven a covert bribe. "Give up in this world and heaven is for you," is the refrain of it. And the poor

people like the idea of getting something sometime.

They've gone without so very, very long. "Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven," sings the priest as his fingers clutch the collection box.

It is a pretty song.

It seems to the people as if they were putting money out at interest. They deny themselves the fun of spending it now, to enjoy the fun of spending it, with the increase, later on.

Middle Ages literature is full of examples of spectacular renunciation. Men used to go out of the towns and live in caves in the hills; and never wash, nor comb their hair.

They were called "holy" men.

They renounced everything except rags, and lice, and the crusts of bread the "sinners" brought them.

Some of these men were fakirs, but most of them were sincere; they voluntarily suffered cold and hunger in the belief that the world was to be "saved" that way.

But they did not make the world a whit easier to live in. Down in the towns other men and women,—and little children,—were

Renunciation

fasting too, and not taking any holy credit for it. They were working and producing clothing and shelter and food that the ruling class was taking from them, just as it is doing in the towns today. And when a member of the ruling class would do some thing which he ought not to have done or leave undone some thing which he ought to have done and there was no health in him, he would take a little of the food which the hungry men and women and little children of the town were producing and carry it up and feed the holy man with it, and the holy man would howl and sing and do things with his hands, just as the holy men do today, for provender.

The only difference is, that today the cave of the holy man is better than it was in the Middle Ages and it has a bathroom in it.

But the truth to be gleaned is that the renunciations of the holy men then served no more to abolish social injustice than do the annunciations of the holy men now.

To renounce is not to solve the problem. It is to run away from it.

That Tolstoy believes the world may be saved by renunciation is not to be doubted;

but he has had his fling. He lived a fast and luxurious life: he practically exhausted modern social possibilities. He was driven out into the air by satiety. He is tired of it all.

To do what he is doing may be best,—for

him.

Life is the arena in which experience is to be gained. Tolstoy is gaining his.

But noble and sincere soul that he is, his principles of renunciation are abnormal and

out of harmony with life.

The pleasures which surfeited Tolstoy, and disgusted him with social life, are but normal pleasures twisted out of focus by an evil social system.

Tolstoy sees that no one can be happy in such an evil state and so calls upon all true souls to renounce and leave the state.

But there is another thing to do.

Stay in the state and change it; make it the instrument of happiness instead of the instrument of tyranny and injustice.

The state is but a tool; the people can make of it what they will. It is like a ship; it can be steered in pleasant places;—and it can drift upon the rocks; there must always be enough true men to navigate it.

Renunciation

To a man who stands heartsick and weary, contemplating the hypocrisy, the shameless greed, the fathomless injustice of human society, the easiest solution which presents itself is to go away from it all; to fly to some quiet spot and live out his individual life in purity alone, earning his bread with his hands and eating it in peace.

But this is not to solve the problem; it is

to seek refuge from it.

No man is to be blamed for doing this; it is surely something, at least, to get off the back of labor; his own life sources will be purer.

Many a man strives greatly in the cause of justice and retires, beaten, at the end. An overcome hero is a hero still. A man can do only what he may and no single blow for liberty is struck in vain. Because we may not strive through to the end should ne'er persuade us not to strive at all.

But the greatest soul is yet he who, heartsick, weary as his fellow, hating strife, loving peace, and yearning, too, to fly and leave it all, yet stays in the heat and dust and struggle of the world-old conflict; striving on, hoping against hope; believing it is the highest because it is the hardest test of manhood;

whose love for the poor tired toilers of the world is so great, whose human sympathies are so wide that he will not leave his brothers in their long strife so long as he has strength to stand.

This is a higher than renunciation, for it solves the individual problem in the social problem. Until the social whole has been perfected we have reached the summit of the individual; strife for individual supremacy now ends in a circle.

Individual men are no better or no worse than they were two thousand years ago. The Nazarene has not yet been surpassed for manhood; Plato for philosophy; Phidias for art; Pericles for oratory;—and Judas Iscariot goes about today in a frock coat.

The progress the world has made has been social progress. We moderns have improved the uses of the state a trifle; that is all.

To see this truth is to make another truth more clear:

We may deny ourselves, and sacrifice, and choke back our natural desires;—and this discipline is good; it may refine us and purify us,—but it is not all: it leaves our greatest duty unfulfilled.

Renunciation

To serve the social whole: to try to understand its needs and its crises; to do the thing from day to day which will most make for the uplifting of the entire race; that is the problem of the individual life, than which there is no greater.

For the foremost man is held back by the hindmost man; the universe is run by blocksignals; any human wreck, anywhere, closes the line.

Individual salvation is a lie born of a selfish heart, and when we most think we are out of the mire, the arm of the Most Neglected reaches up from the abyss and drags us back into the dark.

Individual growth can only be attained by striving to perfect the social whole. When we address ourselves collectively to perfecting the lowliest life; when equality of opportunity shall at last allow one man to attain to what he would be without crushing another in the process; then and then only will latent individual powers become manifest; powers with which, who knows? we may read the story of the stars.

We can never really build ourselves at another's cost. This is the Law.

We cannot evade the duty of the individual to the mass; nor the duty of the mass to the individual. Life is one.

To renounce life is to betray life.

We shall stay with our fellow; and struggle beside him; and suffer with him; and, if need be, die with him, until at last the Dawn shall come.

MANHOOD'S CRUCIBLE

"Like as a goldsmith beateth out his gold To other fashions fairer than the old, So may the spirit, learning ever more, In ever nobler forms its life enfold."

—Sanskrit (Bhartrihari).

One of the gladdest experiences that can come to the finite mind is the realization that there is no stage in human progression that is final.

It may be set down as self-evident that the man who thinks he has attained has not yet touched the skirts of attainment. Dogmatism is the mark of arrested development. It registers the restriction of the mental and spiritual horizon. Light cannot reach the soul except through the open mind, and to seize upon one truth to the exclusion of other truths is to hitch your wagon to a fragment. Truth is one. We must not mistake a segment of the circle for a straight line because we happen to stand too near to see the curve of it.

There are those who will tell you that if it were not for the competitive struggle mankind would never amount to anything; that strife develops character. These are the

ones who have mistaken the segment for a straight line and have traveled off at a tangent. They have confused the idea of man's necessity of overcoming Nature with the idea of man's fighting his fellow, until one idea has been lost in the other.

The competitive struggle never yet produced a noble man. All the real benefactors of the race have either been raised above it, pursuing their investigations in economic security, or they have ignored it altogether by deliberately choosing poverty as the price of their integrity of spirit. That the competitive struggle could produce a man like Jesus, or Socrates, or Galileo, or Newton is unthinkable. Strife of man against man works moral disintegration; the only thing to be won by it is a soiled plume.

If any of the Successful Ones has still a streak of nobility in him, it is because he has secretly kept some little corner of his life sacred, free from the defilement of the arena in which he has won his fancied supremacy.

The competitive struggle develops the wolfinstincts; you have only to read the face of the Successful One to see how far he has fallen short of nobility of character.

Manhood's crucible

Character is a subtile painter, but the images she limns are unmistakable.

It is true that we must put forth our powers in order to grow. We must live either at the expense of work or at the expense of faculty. Inaction rots the body and dulls and degrades the soul.

But the field of man's striving must be other than his fellow. To exploit one another in competitive warfare is the surest method of stifling race progress. He who advocates the competitive struggle as beneficent has a wolf-philosophy of life; his idea of human society is not yet born. By his belief that aquisitiveness and combativeness are marks of superiority of character he deceives himself and deceives his neighbor and unconsciously helps to keep the world in an atmosphere of animalism.

Animal ethics need not dominate human society, for man can deliberately increase his food supply. All nature waits to help him. We are meant to overcome our physical environment, not each other. Nature is the field-of-the-cloth-of-gold in which alone fair honor is to be gained.

And if you would see Character, look into the eyes of an old navigator; one who has

struggled with the winds and the waves and mastered them. In him you will see none of those peculiar little wrinkles about the brow and eyes that mark the countenances of the Successful Ones; all is frank, open integrity. The stars and wide expanses have somehow gotten into his soul and look calmly out at you.

We have not yet really comprehended our intimate physical environment. A few of us have been reaching out, and so we have discovered rudimentary principles of steam and electricity and pneumatics and hydraulics; but so many of us have been fighting one another, and for so long, that we still are liv-

ing in an unfamiliar universe.

It is hope, alone, that makes life possible to some; hope that men may yet so grow in spiritual perception that they may see what character really is and how it may be developed; what we are here for and how beautiful life might be. For until we recognize the truths which lie at our feet the gates of universal truth will be closed against us. Once we get upon the hills our yearning for wide horizons is awakened.

Surely we must some day see the absurdity of our economic fear, here in a world where

Manhood's crucible

fruit trees might thrive along every highway if we only cared to plant them.

And when we see this truth, which ought to be so plain, we will see other truths which are now obscured; truths which will revive dead faiths in the beneficence of the Plan, and lead us grandly up to heights of being of whose clear altitudes the race has not yet dreamed.

"Man is not Man as yet.

Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows; when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy."

THE HERO

"Oh, how well I know this. Hero phrases, hero actions. Always ready to stick your hand into the fire, Gosta; always ready to throw yourself away. How great I once thought this. . . . But now I tell you . . . that you shall quite simply go and do your duty. You shall not dream of heroism, you shall not dazzle and surprise, you shall look to it that your name is not too often on the lips of the people."

-Selma Lagerlof.

In every human being, however privileged his advantages, however independent his position, there lurks a desire for approbation; the approbation of his fellows; not for what he has but for what he is. To be loved for one's self is man's nearest approach to happiness. He who is valued for what he has knows not the joy of friendship, of comradelove. What one is alone brings nectar-sweets like these.

If you are poor and a single hand reaches out to you in greeting, then you may know you are worth while.

If you are rich and a great crowd strains to grasp your palm, somewhere in the shadows of your consciousness the mocking imp of Doubt sits grinning at you.

The hero

You will never know what you are really worth, what men really care for you, until you stand alone. Your helps will always hide you.

Resplendent among the glittering gods of your possession you will sit disconcerted and ashamed when the philosopher goes by; for the philosopher gazes with calm eyes at the man instead of at the things which bolster him.

The world looks at the *things*; our education, our wealth, our social position; but that is because to the vulgar mind *things* are easily to be understood, but *men* not at all.

It is awful when out of unwavering eyes a calm soul looks at us.

We cannot take refuge then in a Greek sonnet we have scanned nor a couplet we have wrought out of Sanskrit. We cannot hide behind the things we own, nor the visiting cards of amiable imbeciles on our dressing-table.

These things are then inconsequent and impertinent and we know it and shrivel, humiliated.

We are ashamed for what we are not in the presence of the paltry things that are.

Being something is greater than having something; this we know, if ever into our shadow comes a ray shot from a soul that is.

The soul may pass in a man's shape, or a woman's, or reach out and touch us from a printed page; but when it is encountered if we be not dead of convention or respectability we are in that moment born again.

Thenceforward we know that our peace can be won only by that soul's approbation, even if it be gone from its earthly body. If we do not strive for it the black dog haunts us and visits derisive yelpings upon the things we gain. The applause of the multitude then wells up not to sustain but to stifle.

Then it is that The Heroic beckons. "Hero phrases, hero actions. Always ready to stick our hands into the fire, always ready to throw ourselves away."

But the calm eyes turn from our petty bluster; unblaming, unpraising, they turn away. Far down in the darkness the black dog is still barking. We are not yet; we may have cleared the ground of weeds, but the crust is hard, the soil is yet to turn.

To be is to become; being is a process, it is not a completed fact.

The soul is not a mushroom.

That calm look in the eyes is not born of a single night nor of a single act, and to act before that look is gained is often but to act the fool.

Heroism is still and calm; it stands sometimes in the shadow of the wall, alone, while the multitude surges by in acclamation of The Little. When true heroism acts the act is a consequence; the logic of the universe speaks in it. It springs out of soul poise, not out of the hurrying moments of uncertainty.

Soul poise is life wisdom; it is of more than a season's planting. It does not put out its shoots until the chilling snows of selfishness and vanity and the tyranny of *things* have been forever melted by the sun of a great love for humanity.

Life wisdom is the realization that life is one.

That calm look will come into our eyes someday, if we will it so; and when it comes it will be its own proof of our conquering. To those who can understand it will be the unfailing sign that through the long dark night of life experience, far from the world's dull ken we have been patiently, silently,

steadily scaling the baffling ramparts of Self, and may even yet plant the standards of victory against the soul's sunrise. For victory comes of Truth, and that calm look sees things as they are, sees men as they are; it is not disconcerted by things, nor the clashing of cymbals, nor the shouts of the mock-heroic.

Beneath the measureless confusion and the chaos of the world's great strife it notes the infallible under-weave connecting man and events, and it understands the eternal mystic sympathy between Nature and her wayward children; it knows that a greater victory may be won in watching the growing grass, than in the storming of a walled city.

THE PHILANTHROPIST

"Hobson: Have you a dollar about you, Dobson? I want to give it to that poor beggar.

"Dobson (handing him the dollar): Your generosity will get you into trouble some day, Hobson."

-Life.

Has it ever occurred to you that the great philanthropists of the world have acquired their claim to that title by giving away other people's money?

Here is a millionaire.

You hear people say he is worth a million dollars. Don't believe it. No one would give a million dollars for him. The people mean he has a million dollars.

How did he come by it? Can one man earn a million dollars?

Yes, if he works every day in the year, week-days and Sundays, at ten dollars a day for nearly three hundred years and never spends a cent of it to live, he can. It takes a strong man to do it.

There is scarcely a productive occupation in the world at present at which a man can earn more than ten dollars a day.

It is not as producers but as exploiters that men receive a larger daily wage than this.

If you possess some legal privilege, or if your talent for organization is so pronounced as to enable you to exploit a large number of men to advantage, then you may finally become a millionaire.

One thousand workmen each earning five dollars a day and getting two dollars a day, the unpaid three dollars remaining with you, may, after your business gets to running, make you a million in two or three years.

But you will not have earned the million. Other men will have earned it and you will have taken it from them.

Once you get the business well organized you can go off and leave it. You can hire men of executive ability to keep it running while you travel or indulge in yacht-racing; particularly if you have a legal monopoly. If you have not, you will have to stay around more or less. But you will be getting your hundreds of thousands a year,—while you are idle. This makes it clear that you are not earning it. The other men, the working men, are earning it.

You have used the ability Nature has bestowed upon you for helping other men, to take advantage of other men.

The philanthropist

What was intended as a race obligation, your small soul construes a personal privilege.

While these hundreds of thousands are coming in every year, you may occasionally give some of them to a library or a college.

But it is not your money you are giving. It is no denial nor sacrifice of yours.

It is other men who are earning it.

You are taking other people's money and giving it away for the sake of your private reputation.

You are called a charitable person.

But you yourself know yourself.

Charity is service.

You can give only yourself in loving service to your kind; or give the results of your own personal toil.

That is charity.

It is not charity for you to give away that which other men earn.

If you were a charitable man you would wish to use your same organizing ability for the good of all, instead of for yourself alone. You would wish to be a real philanthropist instead of a sham philanthropist.

You would wish to give to the world, not to take from it. This is real philanthropy.

We cannot see this very plainly now, because our training has obscured our vision.

We think our share means all that we can get, and when we have grabbed it we try to steal a virtue by giving back the portion we don't want.

But purity of soul has gone from us in the grabbing. In plunging for a diamond we have lost a star.

There is a psychological significance in the phrase, "He is worth a million."

It indicates diseased judgment.

We have come to assume that the man who takes the most is worth the most.

We commonly look upon the richest man in a town as logically of the greatest value to the town.

He may have established an industry.

The industry may have increased the population.

But mere bigness is not virtue.

Unless the efforts of a man make the people of a town a happier people he has done them no service in enlarging it. He may have increased their burdens.

The happiest cities are usually the smallest cities.

The philanthropist

Chicago's human misery is unutterable.

The "men who made Chicago" have, for the most, only made the distance from the home to the workshop or office a little greater. They have only added a weary tramp or a dreary hour in a crowded car to the day's toil.

They have neither lightened human toil nor lessened human misery.

Some day we will come to see how the philanthropist is made, and we will recognize his real value to society.

Then there will be no philanthropists.

Every man will be his own philanthropist. Instead of permitting another to spend their earnings for them, men will spend them for themselves.

Then if they had rather have a bucket of coal or a pair of shoes than a university or an art gallery, they can have it.

When growing spiritual discernment finally shows men that a millionaire is and must be a man who makes grist of other men's lives, men will not wish to be millionaires.

And they cannot be if they would be.

The extra three dollars will that day remain in the pocket of the earner.

In that day either to keep or to bestow the earnings of other men will be seen for what it is, and what it has always been, a moral leprosy born of the vanishing dark.

In that day to grow a flower for a little crippled child will in men's eyes exalt you

higher than to build a university.

THE FLOWERS OF A GRANT OF LAND

"To whomsoever the soil at any time belongs, to him belong the fruits of it. White parasols and elephants mad with pride are the flowers of a grant of land."—Sir William Jones' translation of an old Indian grant of land, found at Tanna.

In India there are 300,000,000 people.

The great native states of Indore, Gwalior, Hyderabad, Travancore and Mysore, aggregating 50,000,000 people, govern themselves, under light British supervision.

The rest of the territory, with its population of 250,000,000 souls, is governed by the English capitalists.

The self-governing states are surrounded by the British territory. Their drawbacks of climate are identical.

Yet the self-governing states are flourishing and prosperous.

In the British-governed states the people die off like rats:—starved into skeletons.

The Indian peoples, who had a literature and an art and an architecture while our ancestors were half-naked savages gnawing raw flesh, no longer own their own country.

Their land is no longer theirs.

They sow it, and till it, and reap it; but the harvest is taken from them.

Every year the English capitalists, through their plundering organization called the British government, extort from India over \$150,-000,000 in gold value.

What do the Indian people get in return for this?

White parasols and elephants mad with pride; English soldiers to feed; and Secretaries and Viceroys in gold lace and jewel-hilted swords; and pestilence and famine.

Every week, while the ryots of India are dying of sheer starvation, the wheat ships are clearing from the ports of Calcutta and Bombay.

The food the ryots have grown is taken from them.

The wheat ships are sailing for England,
—to make bread for the English people.

England is a civilized country.

The ryots do not understand it all. They do not know what civilization is. They simply know that if they do not till the soil they die.

If they do till the soil they must give up the fruits of it. For there are the English guns.

The flowers of a grant of land

When five or six millions of the Indian people starve to death in a single year it occasions remark;—"famine years", such years are called.

When one or two millions die it is an ordinary year. No one pays much attention.

In "famine" years the English herd the starving people together by the hundred thousands in what are called "relief works."

This is where the ryots get the food bought by the pennies of the American Sunday-school children.

If the American Sunday-school children's donation happens to be a trifle shy, the English hold back one or two of the wheat ships and allow the ryots to eat a little of their own grain.

This is not to save the lives of the ryots.

It is to save the lives of the English.

If the ryots get to dying faster than they can be buried, pestilence breaks out. The English people do not like that. English children die of it.

The sanitary arrangements for herding people together by the hundred thousand are never very good. Plague and cholera invariably appear.

Most of the ryots prefer to perish miserably in their own little huts.

This is better; the vultures pick their bones speedily and there is an end. No one's sympathies need be taxed.

No one hears the cries of the famished babes,—save the Indian mother.

They suck the dry breasts and wither and die in their mothers' arms.

It would be pitiful if the women were human;—that is to say, English.

There is enough wheat grown in India to feed the people of India. The prosperity of the native-governed states proves it.

Their resources are identical with those of the British-governed states.

The difference is this: in the native-governed states they eat the wheat they grow; in the British-governed states the English eat it. The English take it in taxation.

In years of drought the taxes are the same as in years of plenty. In years of good crops the ryots can just barely pay their taxes and live until the next season. If the next season there is a drought, that settles them; they have saved up nothing and they die. The English must have their taxes.

The flowers of a grant of land

In Mysore and the other native-governed states they fill the granaries in good seasons to feed over the years of drought.

In the English-governed states the English

take it all.

When the year of drought comes the ryots in the British states are destitute. They die like flies.

These are the years in which the missionary journals appeal for help. It quickens the imagination to see pictures of vast multitudes starving.

Good people go about the churches telling how terrible it is. They get a living by it.

They say the awful drought does it. They don't seem to notice the awful English.

If goodness is blindness, they are very good people,—very good indeed.

They do not understand taxation. About

one man in ten thousand does.

Taxation is the strongest weapon of capitalism. Also the subtlest.

It strikes quietly, in the dark; while men are thinking of something else.

But in India it is plain enough.

For fear lest the hunger-stricken ryots should eat their crops before paying what

they "owe," the English extort the payment of the excessive taxes, in cash, before the

crops are grown!

This drives the cultivators into the hands of the local capitalists,—the native moneylenders. The money-lenders advance the cash at about 60 per cent, and take a mortgage on the crops.

The ryot takes the risk.

It is a great system.

Without it British India would go bankrupt tomorrow. She could not support the vast horde of English parasites which has been fastened on her.

By owning India the English can suck her dry.

To whomsoever at any time the soil belongs, to him belong the fruits of it.

In India men and cattle must have salt.

If men and women do not eat as much salt as they ought to eat they contract loath-some diseases.

If the cattle don't get enough of it they perish, and that settles the tillage. The bullocks do the plowing.

The English tax the salt as a government

monopoly 1,000 per cent on its value!

The flowers of a grant of land

One thousand per cent; that is a good tax. Of course the ryots use as little salt as they can; but one never can be quite sure of the danger-line.

In "famine" years human beings are more important than cattle. The ryots then buy food for the babies instead of salt for the cattle. The bullocks die. Then the next year there are but few bullocks to plow with.

The ryots are between the devil and the

deep sea.

The clergy of the English churches offer prayers to God for the welfare of "His Majesty's subjects in India."

The salt tax helps to keep the church go-

ing.

The ryots might thrive better on the salt than on the prayers.

But the priests wouldn't.

England's zeal in Christianizing India is bringing flattering results.

A study of official statistics for the century

just ended shows:

From 1825 to 1850 there were two famines and 500,000 deaths from famine.

From 1850 to 1875 there were six famines and 5,000,000 deaths from famine.

From 1875 to 1900 there were eighteen famines and 26,000,000 deaths from famine.

Quite an interesting progression!

Within the ten years from 1891 to 1900, nineteen millions died of starvation,—nearly four times as many as the war-deaths of the world for the entire century.

William Digby, in a book published in 1901 ("Prosperous" British India; a Revelation from Official Records. London. T. Fisher Unwin), says that in the absence of special seasons of famine there are 70,000,000 hungry people in the country;—about the population of the United States.

As the English from year to year during the past century have gradually obtained complete control over India, saddling more and more of parasitical unproductive officialdom upon her, taking more and more of her product away every year to England; they have, at the same time, by salt taxes and other similar exactions, exterminated her cattle and otherwise reduced the productive resources of the ryots, until famine has now become a chronic state from which so long as the English are in India no number of favorable seasons can extricate her.

The flowers of a grant of land

It should be remembered that during this same century the native-governed states before mentioned, having the same climate and similar soil, have been uniformly prosperous and flourishing, only suffering slightly when two seasons of severe drought came consecutively.

Twenty-six million lives in twenty-five years: this is England's record at the close of nineteen hundred years of what she calls Christianity.

In India twenty-three years is the average of life: in Great Britain it is forty.

"India must be bled," playfully said Lord Salisbury.

India is a long way off.

Blood spilled in India does not be spatter English teacups.

No such awful crime has ever been committed in the history of the human race as that which England is committing in India.

Multiply English crime in South Africa a thousand times, it yet pales before the perennial, incalculable infamy of India.

Lord Curzon, Viceroy, and Lord George Hamilton, Secretary, assert that India is prosperous. She is,—for the English leech.

The official returns for 1898–1899, (the latest available!) show government salaries of \$52,440,000 paid by British India.

This is equivalent to paying every resident of a city of 52,440 inhabitants one thousand dollars a year.

"Where there is one idle man," says Tolstoy, "there is always another somewhere who is starving."

After the English officials finish their years of "service" in India they go home to loaf the rest of their lives on a pension,—also paid by India.

Forty-five or fifty is the "retiring" age.

The starving ryots of India are to-day yielding up their product to support eleven hundred retired Colonels in England, who divide among themselves \$5,000,000 a year in pensions.

Most of these Colonels "have seen active service" in India; that is to say, they are the men who helped to murder all the Indian people who dared to fight, trying to keep their own land for themselves.

When Lord George Hamilton says that British India is thriving, he means the *English* quarters of British India.

The flowers of a grant of land

The ordinary traveler who runs through India does not see the squalor and misery that fester under the near horizon.

Anglo-stan is fat:—bloated from the bloodsucking of the vast empire.

Hindu-stan rattles her dry bones in her dry skin a few miles beyond the railroad.

On the one hand white parasols and elephants mad with pride; on the other the dying gasps of those who are paying for it all.

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IMAGINATION

"I saw that corpses might be multiplied, as on the field of battle, till they no longer affected us in any degree as exceptions to the common lot of humanity. If I had found one body cast upon the beach in some lonely place it would have affected me more."

—H. D. Thoreau: The Shipwreck.

Why is it that it is so difficult for us to contemplate things in their proportion? It is so seldom other than the individual who either excites sympathy or calls down anathema.

If a man steals a loaf of bread he is promptly and summarily imprisoned: if he steals a railroad the people meet him at the station with a band and flying colors.

You can be a scoundrel if you will only be a big scoundrel—and succeed at it.

There is something about bigness which oppresses the imagination and distorts the basis of judgment.

Great truths are elusive; this is why they are so easily obscured.

If a man kills another with a pistol the world is horrified and puts him to death; if he kills ten thousand with a piece of parchment he is hailed as a financier and becomes the patron of a church.

Imagination

Imagination is an exceptional quality.

Most of us have only senses and passions; objective things, only, impress us,—and even these must be unique or unusual.

We are as indifferent to the crimes of a system of which we are a part, as we are to the glories and wonders of a familiar universe.

We look at the sunshine unmoved; but let there be an eclipse and we run hither and thither with smoked glass as if there were something important toward. Yet to the imagination the sunshine is more wonderful than the passing of two bodies in space.

Discontent is called the mother of progress, but progress does not spring from discontent; mere reaction springs from discontent. Discontent serves only as the sombre background upon which the imagination flashes its ideal.

Progress rises through illumination: the imagination is the real lever of advance.

Jules Verne paints a ship swinging down amid the quiet foliage of the deep sea. Then comes the inventor—the mechanic lit by Jules Verne's flame,—and the Nautilus becomes a submarine reality. Again, he sees in his mind's eye a moon-voyage; and Santos Du-

mont sails round the Eiffel tower. The imagination speaks the doom-word of effete civilization when it lifts into view the vision of the better day.

We will never realize a better order of society until our imagination is kindled by the vision of it.

"Let well enough alone"; that is the creed of the unimaginative, and he it is whose dull, deadening incubus has made the world's tyranny of such long life. It is he who, when his front door is closed, believes that the whole world is warm; it is he who, when his own trencher is full of meat, can see no vision of a hungry man.

With what grace or satisfaction might a dinner party of the smart set eat its terrapin and its truffles at the Waldorf while a row of hungry men and women from the East side stood with gaunt looks ranged along the wall?

Just what emotions would an analysis of their feelings disclose?

But what matters it if the row of hungry ones be inside or outside, so long as they be anywhere?

Ah, outside they cannot be a rebuke to the senses or passions; the eye cannot reach

them there, and the dull mind sees them not. When the hungry ones are invisible; when they are back in their East side kennels and there hang only the tapestries of the banquet room where loomed the accusing spectres, then he with the imagination, alone, can see them. He with the imagination sees the spectres still, shaming him from the sheen of the shaded lights, and his food dries in his throat and chokes him.

Imagination; torch of celestial fire!

If you have it at the flood you must become an artist;—or you must become the only other alternative—a revolutionist.

If your intellect outweighs your heart you may become a painter, a poet, or a musician; but if your greatness of mind is at equipoise with your greatness of heart and your imagination is at the flood; then you will do naught but illumine the future to the people.

Mazzini was an artist soul, a poet and a musician; but his great heart drew him away from those esthetic, beautiful, selfish avenues of creation. He could not write music while his fellows were breaking on the wheel of tyranny, so he turned the strong flame of his great manhood to sear away the hideous in-

stitutions which manacled Italy on her knees in darkness.

One man, strive how he may, can hope in his life to do but little. Judged by the things he does, it is a petty strife, late begun and ended all too soon.

But he who treasures this divinest spark, imagination; this greatest gift of the gods; who fans it into the flame it ought to be, can fire the torch in the souls of other men, turning their lives into radiance, as a sulphur match may start a forest fire.

Thus the divinest thing in us lives on in other lives, in ever-widening circles ever producing its kind; ever moving the race onward; "onward and upward; upward toward the peaks, and toward the Great Silence."

"Beginnings are alike: it is the ends which differ. One drop falls, lasts, and dries up—but a drop; Another begins a river: and one thought Settles a life, an immortality."

Action to be the se

THE LONG PROCESSION

"How can one help loving this people! Must not the one who has stood by the roadside and watched them pass feel the tears in his eyes when he recalls them—men with sharp features and hard hands, women with early lined foreheads, and the tired little children?"

-Selma Lagerlof.

It is sad, sad reading, this struggle of the working class to lift its head above the mire.

Men with sharp features and hard hands, women with early lined foreheads, and tired little children; see the long procession!

Far, far has this long procession marched, far has it marched in vain.

Since the days of feudalism, since the days when private ownership of the sources of life turned humanity upon the highway to starve or to sell itself for wages, the working class has been seeking a liberator.

It has held out its worn hands of hope, first to this one, then to that, believing that the high-sounding phrases echoing in its ears were inspired by a love for the lowliest, as they always pretended to be.

Oh, poor, tired brother! Greatly thou hast trusted, and most basely hast thou been

deceived. Thou hast fought the battles of the liberator, but thou hast not found liberation. The Cromwells have succeeded; the John Balls have died the death.

Working-class revolutions have never found the doorstep of liberty; they have builded the highroad in the sweat of their faces and the blood of their hearts, but they have not traveled thereupon to the land of heart's desire.

Others have gleaned of their sweat; others have voyaged in the stream of their blood. All of their brave battles for the Fatherland have but riveted anew their shackles. Quick to respond in their simplicity of heart to roll of drum, the flag of victory has bestowed ever but a crutch or an age of toil. They build and they build, and they enter not in.

Today, as in the Nazarene's day, the worker's lot crushes hope and stifles aspiration. He may look at an art gallery, perhaps, in place of a barren rock; but he is driven by the same fear, and his dinner table still stands at the deadline of mere subsistence.

Civilization has brought him everything except liberty, without which all the splendors of the world's achievement are but bar-

The long procession

ren nothings. The wireless telegraph is no food for crying babes to live on. Where the base of the social structure is awry, poverty is the running mate of progress; every labor saving machine means only that more people shall go hungry.

The world has always looked with complacency upon a class ordained to do the drudgery, and the glorified national liberators in the world's history have always taken this class for granted. National liberation has always been capitalistic liberation; it has never once reached down to the working class. The real liberators, those who stood not for national liberty, but for universal liberty, have died ignominious deaths.

To the working class national independence has so far meant only that they should be exploited by the capitalists of their own country—called "their own" country for the purpose of advised self-deception.

It is natural for a man to fight for his own. But to fight for phantasms of things; to fight battles in which one has only a fancied interest; this is only possible to the deceived.

The working class has been eternally deceived by the idea that it has a country, where-

as it has been as homeless as the prairie wolf. The world is the country of the working class, and it will some day come into full possession. It will come into possession when it sees the motive for arbitrary geographical and political divisions and abolishes the conditions which make these divisions profitable to the few.

Capitalism, working through sentiment, maintains arbitrary divisions of people by fostering the idea of nationality, and the idea of the natural opposition of national interests. The "protective" tariff is a species of silent murder; it enables local capitalists to pick the pockets of the working class by centering their attention upon absurd national hatreds. Capitalism can prevent me from exchanging things with my neighbor to our mutual advantage only by making me think my neighbor is my natural enemy.

Exploiting capitalists—called by courtesy "the commercial classes"—are the ones who precipitate war, and who sometimes cover up their economic plundering by effusive demonstrations of their regard. The Czar of Russia visits France, and the President of the French Republic visits the Czar: they weep on one another's shoulders.

The long procession

When there are peaceful functions going forward, the potentates dress up and wine and dine and caress one another;—and make very dull and uninteresting speeches. This is the dress parade of capitalism. Royalty

is its puppet.

When however the exploiting classes of the different political divisions called nations come into collision over a division of the product of the working classes, and war becomes menacing, then these interesting personages miraculously disappear. It is then time for the working classes to come on the stage and do the fighting. For a fancied "country" the poor, deluded workers of one, go to fight the poor, deluded workers of the other political division. All wars are fought by the common people,—by the people who have nothing to gain by war. Your capitalist is your true "patriot." He has something to fight for. The soldier is only a dupe.

It is fine to have all your fighting done for you by the very people who support you dur-

ing peace.

The workingman is the true philanthropist; it is too bad he is such from necessity, —or through ignorance.

We must be trained in the hatred of the "foreigner," for without an occasional war, capitalism could not live. The throne of capitalism is "patriotism," and war lays and maintains its foundation.

All ancient literature, and the great bulk of modern literature, unconsciously accentuates the principle (or lack of it) that the interests of nations are antagonistic. This makes patriotism consist, not so much in the love of yourself and your own, as in the hatred of your neighbor.

This quiet, persistent, false educational force operates continuously from childhood to age, and forges the "national spirit" of a country. It is expressed in the common mental attitudes of the plain people, and renders them pliable to flag raising.

The capitalist is somewhat more emancipated. His country is wherever his investments are. But he sees the value of inculcating patriotism in the plain people, and may always be counted upon to say the right word at the right time.

When the commercial classes of two nations clash, the newspapers blaze with manufactured indignation, rousing the latent fire

The long procession

long kindled by customary opinion, until the poor, common hind believes the honor of his country rests upon his shoulders. The poor and wretched of the other country, subjected to the same education, believe the same thing. The peasants and the artisans of both nations forsake their plows and tools and go and shoot one another; not because they hate one another, but because they have been trained to believe that "their" country must be defended. The men who do the dying and the fighting seldom know what the quarrel is about, and if they come home they frequently find that it is harder to make a living in "their" country after the war than before it.

When the surplus population has been so nearly killed off that it looks as if the remainder of the common people can scarcely bear the burden of taxation that is to pay for the war, peace is declared, and there is great rejoicing.

Then the peasants and artisans (those who are not buried in trenches) go back to work.

The precious lives of those who brought on the war have never been endangered. It was not necessary. There are always enough "patriots" among the working classes to do

the fighting; and no doubt there will continue to be so as long as a man on one side of an imaginary line can be trained to the conviction that the man on the other side of the line is his natural enemy.

Here are two adjoining fields of grain. In one there is a peasant, a Frenchman.

In the other, another peasant, a German.

The same sun shines on both; their backs are wet by the same passing shower. They confer over their growing crops, and they share their bread and wine and tobacco. No thing in nature divides them.

Now comes word that one "nation" has insulted the other "nation" and these poor toiling wretches and their tired wives and childred feel it imperative upon them to burn each other's crops and shoot each other full of lead. This is patriotism. It has never yet failed;—but it may.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 was the first milestone of doubt; for the first time in human history the voice of humanity then rose from the ranks against the voice of "patriotism."

Six years before, the International Workingmen's Association was founded.

The long procession

The purpose of this organization, as given by its founders, was to weld into one body the whole militant proletariat of Europe and America.

It was a bugle note; a promise of the dawn.

The Franco-Prussian war was brought on, as every other war is brought on, not by the people, but by the exploiters of the people. The fatuous Louis Napoleon aspired to imitate the first distinguished member of his family.

Gigantic schemes of fraudulent speculation countenanced and fostered by those in high places, absorbed the earnings of the French people and involved thousands in ruin. Judicial tribunals were debauched and the public officials rioted in corruption and extravagance.

It became clear that only a war could divert the public mind from the rottenness of the government; and a war with Germany was deliberately decided upon.

A shallow pretext was found in the claim of a Prussian prince to the Spanish succession; and after fanning the flame of French "patriotism" the poor, foolish French people

became eager for hostilities. War was then declared and the public murder began.

In the face of this infamous proceeding the International Workingmen's Association flung its clear and noble protest.

In the Reviel (Paris) of July 12th, 1870, was published a manifesto "to the workingmen of all nations" of which the following is an extract:

Once more on the pretext of European equilibrium, of national honor, the peace of the world is menaced by political ambitions. French, German, Spanish workmen! Let our voices unite in one cry of reprobation against war! War for a question of preponderance of dynasty can, in the eyes of workmen, be nothing but a criminal absurdity. In answer to the warlike proclamations of those who exempt themselves from the blood tax, and find in public misfortunes a source of fresh speculations, we protest, we who want peace, labor and liberty!

Brothers of Germany! our division would only result in the complete triumph of despotism on both sides of the Rhine. Workmen of all countries! Whatever may for the present become of our common efforts, we the members of the International Workingmen's Association, who know of no frontiers,

The long procession

we send you as a pledge of indissoluble solidarity, the good wishes and salutations of the Workingmen of France.

The German workingmen in many cities replied in similar manifestos.

A mass meeting of workingmen held at Brunswick on July 16th expressed its full agreement with the Paris manifesto, spurned the idea of national antagonism to France and concluded its resolutions with these words:

We are enemies of all wars, but above all of dynastic wars. With deep sorrow and grief we are forced to undergo a defensive war as an unavoidable evil; but we call at the same time upon the whole German working class to render the recurrence of such an immense social misfortune impossible by vindicating for the people themselves, the power to decide on peace and war, and making them masters of their own destinies.

At Chemintz, a meeting of delegates representing 50,000 Saxon workingmen, adopted unanimously a resolution to this effect:

In the name of the German Democracy, and especially of the workingmen forming the Socialist Party, we declare the present

war to be exclusively dynastic. We are happy to grasp the fraternal hand stretched out to us by the workingmen of France. Mindful of the watchword of the International Workingmen's Association, "Proletarians of all countries unite," we shall never forget that the workingmen of all countries are our friends and the despots of all countries our enemies.

The Berlin branch of the International also replied to the Paris manifesto:

We join with heart and hand your protestation. Solemnly we promise that neither the sound of the trumpet, nor the roar of the cannon, neither victory nor defeat, shall divert us from our common work for the union of the children of toil of all countries.

Great sentiments are these. History has not recorded words that have in them a greater promise for the race.

In these manifestos the inarticulate first became articulate.

The Word came forth; the word that no longer is the workingman to look for a liberator; he is now to begin the long task of liberating himself. In these days of war went forth that word which one day shall mean no

The long procession

war; the word that shall some day blossom into this manifesto:

We the United Workingmen and women of the world, refuse to go forth to kill one another, for we have no differences; if you gentlemen who are in the business of exploitation, or land gambling, or the king business, have a difference and wish to fight it out, go forth and do it to your heart's content; fight till you are all exterminated if you like; the world will be all the better for honest men to live in!

When such a manifesto can go forth; when the workers of the world are so unified as to be no longer the dupes of capitalism, every throne in Europe will crumble into dust. For without an obedient common people to do his will, a king is a sorry spectacle. When the German "war-lord" shall issue an order, and the German people,—no longer his "subjects," but their own masters,—shall laugh at his presumption; the war-lord will be a sight for derisive contemplation; a useless outworn bauble which a free people will not suffer. The German throne is propped by German ignorance and fatuous "love of country." And yet in German hearts the echo of the

manifesto of the International is still ringing. The lesson of the various despotic governments,-forgetting their hatred of each other and uniting to stamp out this organization of workingmen,—has not been read in vain. For every brave member of the International who has suffered persecution, imprisonment or exile a thousand of his working countrymen have risen up to bless his name.

For with the inception of the International, the long procession of the workers,—the men with sharp features and hard hands, the women with early lined foreheads, and the tired little children, - took its first great stride along the highway of liberty.

In the breasts of the workers of every nation has been implanted an abounding faith, not in the outside liberator, but in themselves,

their power and their possibilities.

Slowly, slowly this faith is growing; slowly but surely, until the ultimate goal is as inevitable as day succeeding night. Slowly, link by link, the drag-chain forges about the wheels of international war, until the great black chariot of capitalism shall lie helpless and abandoned before the will of the marching peoples; marching, marching to the land of heart's desire.

THE LOVE THAT IS TO COME

"Whenever wounded have been found they have received all the care that our own soldiers have, and our men have carried them on their backs for miles to save the lives of these unfortunates, often risking their own by so doing."—Extract from officer's letter from the Philippines.

When the Colon went down at Santiago a sailor on an American battleship cried out: "Don't cheer fellows; the poor devils are dying."

Is it not a singular thing that after going to such infinite trouble and expense to kill men we should be at such pains to save their lives as soon as we shall not quite succeed in killing them?

What is the secret of this instinctive prompting which, in the presence of a fallen enemy, mixes a feeling of awe, ay, of pity, with our victorious rejoicings; which makes us somehow humble and ashamed of all that conquering which means another's undoing?

It is that at the center of things, deep down under all our ignorance and vanity and dull, gross selfishness, there dwells a spirit of infinite love, patient, untiring, all-enduring; biding its moment of apparition.

This love is not a philosophical conception of the intellect—child of Platonic dreaming; it is a natural passion. Its quality is singularly that of a love not of individual for individual, nor of individual for community or country, but a love infinitely greater, more profound, than either of these; a love which, finding its full expression, shall one day make the world a beautiful place to live in—a love for humanity as humanity.

There is in us a fellow feeling, a yearning of kindness toward other human beings as human beings, which is not related to the character of those who excite it. It exhibits itself unmistakably in the fireman, with blistered flesh, hair and eyebrows burned to crisp, saving the child from the fire; in the stripling youth leaping into the waves to succor a drowning man, and in the simplest act of courtesy we render to a stranger.

The habitual expression of this love would long since have become universal if all society were not so organized as to extinguish it.

Society as it now exists is unconsciously an organized conspiracy against the sane and logical development of every human soul in it.

The love that is to come

It places all the temptations on the side of inhumanity. Society makes it vastly easier today to do wrong than to do right.

Most human beings, even soldiers and priests, are doing the best they think they can. And out of the blighting, calculating intellectual darkness in which they serve as consenting instruments of killing or defense of killing, there sometimes shoots a gleam of their higher selves; their broader humanity; the undiscovered, unrecognized thing they are yet to be.

Hence these relentings; this carrying of wounded brown men on backs through impassible morasses; and the hush-word breathed from powder-grimed lips at warship's sinking.

These singular relentings are but glimpses of this indwelling love, yearning to express itself in an exalted human life; they testify to the existence of the Higher Law ceaselessly at work, slowly, patiently forming from the casual the habitual; they prove the presence, the involuntary recognition and worship, of the Ideal of Man in each man, the flower of which is Brotherhood.

And some day this love for humanity, this spirit of love in us, will find national expres-

sion before the murderous act of war instead of after. It is even now coming to flood in individuals, in peace societies, and in certain brave resistants to enforced military service.

And when at last we come to realize that the command "Thou shalt not kill" means actually that we stop killing, this upspringing godhood in us will impel us to obey it. And in our obeying it a new day will dawn, a glorious day of strifeless progress; and a great all-embracing Peace will breathe upon the world, deep, pure, satisfying to the long-yearning human soul.

GOOD AND EVIL

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,

Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;

But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth

When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth."

-Rudyard Kipling.

DeSegurs, in his memoirs, says that when the First Consul reached the Isle of Poplars he stopped at Rousseau's grave.

"It would have been better for the repose of France if that man had never lived," said he.

"And why, Citizen Consul?"

"Because he is the man who made the French Revolution."

"It seems to me that you, Citizen Consul, cannot complain of the French Revolution."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "the future must decide whether it would not have been better for the repose of the world if neither myself nor Rousseau had ever lived."

The controversy as to whether there is an Absolute Good and an Absolute Evil has en-

gaged the speculation of philosophers and dialecticians ever since the human mind began to dabble in abstractions.

So far as concrete illustrations have ever been available these elements have been embodied only in the comparative degree.

In every man, however ignoble, there is something which may be classed as good; and in every man, however exalted, there is something which may be classed as evil.

Good and evil are purely relative, and one could never have been discerned or recognized without the presence of the other.

If there had never been what we call a bad man we would not yet know what a good man is. We comprehend clearly one principle only as the opposite principle is made manifest.

Caiaphas thus helps us to understand Jesus; and Napoleon helps us to understand Rousseau.

Sycophancy is never so transparent as when confronted by honesty. Light banishes darkness; heat banishes cold.

It would not have been better for the repose of the world if neither Rousseau nor Napoleon had lived.

Good and evil

Repose is not slothful unprogression,—the dull incomprehension of the mollusk. Repose is the fine balance and harmony of highly sensitive organisms.

The writings of Jean Jacques stirred the masses from their dull submission to tyranny. The burning of his books in the market-place kindled a fire which illuminated all Europe and lighted up the fens and morasses of kingcraft.

Then followed the French Revolution.

The French Revolution was a blow in the dark, struck by discontent. It destroyed in its rage the only men qualified to serve it—the Physiocrats: Quesnay, Turgot, Condorcet, Mirabeau.

Napoleon stopped the blind slaughter by substituting slaughter with a purpose. He had a program; and he understood the people. He knew the mind darkened by tyranny. He knew that as soon as quiet was restored the people would yearn for some tyrant to rule them. Habits of mind are very strong. The Americans once invited George Washington to become king.

Napoleon rode to power on the rebound. He dramatized the principle opposite to that

of Rousseau. These two men gave to the world a standard of judgment. Both lives served.

Through the study of Rousseau's writings and Napoleon's acts the world climbed to an intelligence which renders another Napoleon—on the same plane—impossible.

Napoleon was made possible by a single

fact: he found people willing to obey.

In the absence of public ignorance Napoleon could have been no more destructive than an ordinary thug.

He showed to the world the awful price of

ignorance when paid in blood.

Napoleon's organizing ability finds its modern counterpart in those shrewd *entrepreneurs* who are doing on the plane of industry what Napoleon did on the plane of mortality.

The price of ignorance which the world paid to Napoleon in blood it is paying today to these gentlemen; in worry, physical and spiritual starvation, and degrading economic fear.

The principle known as good can make headway against the principle called evil only as the intelligence of humanity rises to the height from which these principles can be dis-

Good and evil

cerned under the various shifting forms in which they are constantly finding residence.

Every soul seeks what it believes to be good for itself. Napoleon believed it to be good to conquer Europe. The burglar believes it is for his good to rob your house.

There are really no good men and no bad men; there are only intelligence and ignorance.

The military genius can express itself only as it finds absurd individuals who will wear cheap buttons of brass, walk together in the mud and fight for they do not know whom for they do not know what.

The genius of exploitation can express itself only as it finds equally absurd individuals who are content to starve in a world of plenty, and give up the needed things they create to those who do not know what to do with them after they receive them.

As we banish ignorance, Napoleons and exploiters and burglars, finding no opportunities for their talents in the direction of what is called evil, must perforce become expressions of the opposite principle, which is called good.

THE HIGHER STRUGGLE

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

-Browning.

Just before his death-illness, Robert Browning wrote four verses as an epilogue to his poems. The verse here quoted is the third.

One evening he was reading this verse from a proof to his daughter-in-law and his sister.

"It almost looks like bragging to say this," he said, "and as if I ought to cancel it; but it's the simple truth; and as it's true, it shall stand."

Few of us can sing such a swan-song as that.

It is the song of a soul whose battles have been fought in an arena of the higher ether.

Life has such struggles; struggles apart from considerations of the material; struggles of the soul alone, free from the gross demands or impositions of the body.

The higher struggle

It is from such a struggle that the soul can rise serene. Nothing of the sordid pulls it from its pedestal.

Such strife is epic in its character.

Failure even, in such an atmosphere, takes on a certain dignity.

But there is a kind of struggle which by its very nature stultifies, degrades and dishonors; and into this loathsome contest are driven the great masses of our common humanity. To lose at it is to be contemptible; to win at it is to be infamous.

No one who is raised above the necessity of fighting his fellows for his bread can estimate or understand the effect of such warfare upon individual character.

There is something so utterly false and degrading in one man striving against another man for bread in a land of limitless plenty that no one can emerge from such a strife with dignity. For such a one the epic life is an impossibility.

There is no power in the universe, god, man, or devil, that can raise the competitive struggle above the plane of vulgarity.

By refusing to abolish this struggle we keep the noblest attributes of the human soul in

abeyance; for it is not until the bodily wants are satisfied that the spirit rises to aspiration.

We do not yet know human nature; its beauty and its divine possibilities. When it shines in a personality like Browning or Plato we scarcely understand it.

Yet the intellectual eminence of Browning and Plato is our true estate.

That we are still grovelling on all fours is our own doing. No natural law keeps the soul in the stomach.

Browning's note is the true human note; but would it have been sounded so positively—nay, would it have been sounded perhaps at all—had his struggles been dragged down to the plane of the economic?

Would his stupendous contribution to the world's literature ever have been made had he worked ten hours a day at an uncongenial task to support the woman he loved?

Leisure for research and for writing enabled him to do the world a priceless service. His life and his message refute utterly the stupid cry of the schoolmen for the spur of necessity; that outworn creed which any faith in life or spiritual discernment would long since have left in the shadows. It is a shallow

The higher struggle

vision which does not see that there will be struggles enough—struggles which will test all the faith and the strength and the manhood which Browning pictures—after we have raised ourselves above the plane of the brute.

SHE WHO IS TO COME

"The National Congress of Mothers will convene in Washington on the 25th and last three days. The physical and mental welfare of children will be the subject of the Congress."

-N. Y. Sun.

Madame De Stael once asked Napoleon Bonaparte, "General, what woman in France do you the most admire?" "The one who has the most children," replied that distinguished homicide.

Napoleon harped on this string a good deal. "What France needs is mothers," he kept saying.

What he meant was: "What I need is soldiers."

The French women did the best they could. One would have thought that child-birth was a pleasant pastime from the way in which they furnished food for European cannon.

Perhaps, here and there, a woman whose soul had been born, recoiled at being a breeding creature for a man's ambition. Most of them, however, accepted the situation and strove to please the emperor.

We are the creatures of our environment.

She who is to come

Mother-love is the symbol of the Divine love. Even when it is bound by four walls there is something godlike about it.

But when it lifts itself above its own domesticity and shines out upon the whole world, it takes on the radiance of a Sun: all life is warmed by it.

Mother-love extended to all the race is the ideal of the kingdom of heaven.

Only here and there a woman dimly sees this truth and gives her sons and daughters a sense of race-obligation,—teaches them that unless they hold all life in their consciousness they will but swing round in a petty circle, their lives useless to the race.

Most women (even working women—imitatively) teach their daughters little graceful arts and things. They play a little, paint a little, and know a superficial bit of the continental languages. This makes them "attractive." If they are made sufficiently attractive they may get a husband well-to-do enough to continue their amiable mediocrity;—until the children begin to come; then their pretty accomplishments fall into disuse.

When girlhood is given up to petty things there can be no fit preparation for mother-

hood. Bearing a child is but the beginning of motherhood. Motherhood is spiritual, not physical.

What Napoleon wanted of the French women was reproduction, not motherhood. Motherhood would have baffled him.

Motherhood produces men like Jesus and Mazzini and Abraham Lincoln.

It is mere fecundity that produces a Nero, or a Napoleon, or a Charles I.

Motherhood produces spirituality. Fecundity produces human animals.

Josephine was a woman who had risen to consciousness. She was a widow. She had a son by a former husband. Napoleon loved her as much as he could love any woman. We can appreciate high qualities in others only when we ourselves have spirituality enough to discern them. Josephine's wit and wisdom brought out all the good that was resident in Bonaparte's nature. But he put her away for Marie Louise. Why?

Because he wanted another kind of woman. He wanted a brood-mare. That was his polite word: pouliniere.

It is this idea,—what we may term the Napoleonic idea—that woman should be a

She who is to come

breeding hack, that has kept womankind in slavery.

Woman has always been a greater slave to conventionality than man, because she has always been man's property.

In the mid-century past she did not dare even to have a brain. It was unwomanly.

Aurore Dupin had to call herself George Sand.

Mary Ann Evans had to call herself George Eliot.

These great women, towering above the petty masculine intellects of their age, did not dare to let the public know they were not men. Why?

Because everybody believed that women should be breeding; not writing books.

Women themselves believed this; they thought Sand and Eliot must have horns and a tail when it began to be whispered about that they were women.

They could not conceive the idea of woman apart from her functions as a female animal.

They never dreamed that women could own their own bodies and yet be mothers, spiritual mothers.

Susan B. Anthony has never married; yet her children are among the finest women in America today—the fittest to be mothers.

She has fitted more daughters for motherhood than any ten thousand women taken at random in the United States.

Her daughters are fittest to be mothers because they have been lifted into consciousness; they are fittest to be mothers because they are getting a glimpse of what real motherhood—spiritual motherhood—is.

Because Susan B. Anthony cared more for spiritual children than for physical children she was blacklisted. Hotels would not accept her as a guest.

Once at a public meeting someone threw a rose at her. It confused and embarrassed her, she said. If it had been a carrot or a rotten egg she would have known how to receive it.

For over fifty years she was hooted and hissed and insulted by the brood-mares and their squires, because she had dared to think more nobly of womanhood than they did.

The other women believed that the only respectable service their sex could render the world was to breed; and they bit and scratched

She who is to come

and spat at the noble hand which reached to lead them out of the dark.

They liked the Napoleonic idea best. It was the idea they were used to.

It had been taught them by their mothers, and they themselves were busy teaching it to their daughters.

And the lesson was well learned.

That is why the present industrial system is possible.

The Napoleons of industry need soldiers in their battles, too.

The brood-mares are furnishing the labor market.

A nation or a race will never rise higher than its mothers.

If women willed it so, they could stop the slaughter of human beings in war; they could stop the grinding up of human life in our barbarous industrial system.

It needs but for them to say: We will not bear children for your cannons, nor for your hideous industrial treadmills; life is too sacred and the agony of childbirth is too great.

Why, then, do they not say it?

Because they do not think of it. They have been trained the other way. They see

only their own children, and hope that they, somehow, may escape the common lot. Their sense of maternity is limited as an animal's is limited,—to their own young.

Motherhood is spiritual, not physical.

No woman is a mother until every life is as sacred to her as that which comes from her own birth-agony.

When she rises to this consciousness she never can be proud of a soldier son, nor a son who wins success by exploiting other lives.

If she cares for a child because it is hers, and fits and educates it only to "succeed in life," ignoring the common life in which "success" must be won,—then she is on the plane of the jungle-folk; and the tiger-cub will show in her offspring.

Until a woman is spiritually fit for motherhood she does the world scant service by bringing children into it.

We have had somewhat too much of the Napoleonic idea.

When motherhood comes, manhood will come; race-consciousness will come; peace and love and fellowship will come.

When upon the stepping stones of a few more Anthonies women shall rise to self-

She who is to come

ownership, rise to recognize themselves as human beings,—not chattel property,—when woman once shall be free to get her bread without selling her body either in the marriage state or out of it, motherhood will begin, and the birth-era of a race will dawn more noble, chaste, more goodly great, than all the past has known.

WHEN THE EARTH TREMBLES

It is strange that only in the presence of a catastrophe it should become clear that there is nothing in the world worth preserving except human life.

When the earth trembles, soldiers forget that their mission is to kill; policemen pay little attention to the property they are hired to protect, and the transient and worthless character of *things*, valued beside life, forces itself abruptly upon the common comprehension.

This great truth, now obscured by almost every convention of human society, and collectively recognized only in moments of cosmic threatening, must eventually be wrought into the fibre of all human thought if organic life is finally to escape annihilation.

Mont Pelee has given its warning to this generation, and Vesuvius smokes his pipe grimly above Nature's powder-magazine.

Slowly the great crust of the earth contracts, forcing to the surface its liquid interior fires; slowly at the poles the ice-caps thicken storing up the destruction of another glacial slide. All this bespeaks the inevitable: that

When the earth trembles

the earth will some day be like the moon, dragging around her orbit, a barren waste, where once was warmth and plenty.

And what of the life for which the un-

counted ages seem but a preparation?

When the hour of extinction comes is humanity to be exterminated like rats in a trap? When that awful hour at last arrives is it to behold human beings still fighting one another in vulgar economic strife—like swine scrambling for food, treading the bounty of the earth in the mire—while the very Cosmos calls for a rescuing hand?

In the face of all terrifying visitations of inorganic might there is one power in the universe that can cope with it and overcome it: *intelligence*. Man possesses it and it is amplified in direct proportion to his use of it.

If the race is finally to endure, we must learn how to use this great power in the preservation of life, and we must begin thus to use it very soon.

The desire to preserve life does not now animate human society. In the United States alone, every year, more human beings die of diseases induced by underfeeding than were destroyed by the eruption at Martinique.

In a land of plenty one thing only is responsible for this iniquity: disregard for human life.

The Mont Pelee of our maladjusted society is always in eruption; the lava of a purblind social selfishness is always smothering the one thing society ever can look to for its preservation.

Nothing can preserve life except life itself.

A prayer to god or devil has never yet made it rain or stopped a flow of lava.

If the race of men is ever yet to fulfill a noble destiny, man himself must be the instrument; in him are all the possibilities of the force he calls God.

If we are careless of life, who is to work out life's final preservation? A moment of cosmic terror is not the time to pray; it is the time to do.

There may be born tonight in the squalor of a New York tenement, reared upon alley refuse and turned out to tramp, a man who has in his brain if developed the power to save the race from extinction. By destroying any life we may destroy the life.

It is foolish for us to wait for a cataclysm to rouse our intelligence to action. If we

When the earth trembles

only will it so we can perceive elemental truths without earthquakes to stimulate their

perception.

If the collective will of the world today would even follow the truth it already perceives, it could atone for the past ages of bloodshed and brutality and waste of life by making the next thousand years ring throughout the universe.

Is it nothing that a hundred tons may be moved like a feather by the power transmitted through a copper thread—plus intelligence?

Is it nothing that by the pulsations in a medium so subtile that the senses of man cannot perceive it, Marconi signals across the ocean waste?

Intelligence knows the force, and the media through which force must act.

Who then shall say we may not yet signal;

nay, travel from planet to planet?

Who shall say that when the hour of earthextinction comes man may not have foretold its coming and prepared his flight to Jupiter, whose crust has been hardening through the centuries in preparation for organic life?

Who knows how many worlds in all the vast universe flung from the blistering suns

have been prepared for organic life, and have whirled their way through the ages to extinction without producing anything so great as man?

Who knows but on some distant planet swinging around some splendid sun, a race of beings like to us has grown out of the vulgar mire of competitive warfare and is working—all its units together—in a godlike harmony, flinging electric signals at our earth; signals which our undeveloped intelligence cannot yet recognize?

The race cannot fathom cosmic depths in a moment—or in a generation. The earth may yet endure for many thousands of years; but to save life at the end we must begin to value life now. The great forces which today turn the wheels of industry: steam, electricity, are the fruitition of ages and ages of collective intelligence acting cumulatively. A century is but a day of cosmic life; but every generation of men, living its little span, may serve in making life better and brighter; in lifting the race onward and upward toward its now obscure but someday manifest destiny.

And now, more than in any other period of recorded history, dimly, but hopefully, the

When the earth trembles

dream of a noble race life is possessing the hearts of the people.

In the last fifty years there has been born, here upon the earth, an ideal of a harmonious society; a society that shall re-coup the agelong waste of human life; a society that shall produce a thousand Marconis in a single generation, when once its beneficent influence shall have shone upon the race; a society that at last shall lift man out of the mire and fit the humblest child to contribute all the intelligence in the inmost recesses of his brain to the uplifting and glorifying of the race; a society in which the collective will shall leave the Mont Pelees of the globe to belch in gloomy grandeur over barren wastes, while in the pleasant places of the earth men and women and children live comrade-lives among the birds and flowers, sending lovebeckonings to the friendly stars.

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